The Outlook

JUNE 9, 1915

Offices, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York

Address all mail communications to The Outlook Company, Box 37, Madison Square Branch P. O., New York City

THE GERMAN NOTE

By far the most important news matter of the week ending on June 2 was the receipt of Germany's reply to the American protest against the sinking of the Lusitania and the destruction of the life of hundreds of non-combatants, many of whom were American. The subject is treated in this issue of The Outlook in an editorial entitled "The German Note and America's Duty," and in a group of articles under the general head "The Crisis with Germany," in which are considered the contents of the German note, its irrelevancy, and public opinion as shown by the American press.

THE FOUR EUROPEAN CAMPAIGNS

The war in Europe may now be said to comprise four campaigns, of which the fighting in France and Belgium constitutes one, the proceedings along the entire Russian front another, the Italian-Austrian conflict a third, and the operations in the Dardanelles a fourth.

The two offensives which last week were attracting more attention than any other movements in the whole war area—the Russian drive through Galicia and the advance of the Italians against their hereditary foes—are both continuing as The Outlook goes to press, despite rumors and predictions according to which they should have spent their force several days ago.

Along the Isonzo the Italians have been successful at most of the points which they have assailed. Grado, which faces the city of Trieste across the Gulf of Trieste, is now in Italian hands, and the Latins are stubbornly assailing Monfalcone, a railway town two miles back from salt water, which is a stepping-stone to Trieste, some sixteen miles away. By bombarding Monfalcone from the sea, destroyers have been aiding the attacking force ashore.

The herculean task of invading the Trentino is being blithely undertaken by King Victor Emmanuel's subjects. Fierce fighting has been going on in the valley of the Adige—the front door of the city of Trent—and an Italian force has also been aiming at the city from behind through the valleys of the southern Dolomites, while still another army has been advancing on the capital of the Trentino from the west over the Tonale Pass. The Italians claim that they have captured some forty villages in the Ampezzo Valley, including the largest of all, the well-known Cortina, sixty miles northeast of Trent. The Italians have yet to meet the full strength of Austrian resistance, yet they can well be proud of any advance in the Tyrol, where they are under tremendous geographical and strategical handicaps.

The principal news from the eastern front deals with the desperate efforts of the Teutons to recapture Peremysl. They claim to have successfully stormed three of the outer forts of the city. The Russians admit that one fort fell, but aver that they promptly retook it. At any rate, it is plain that this strong Galician citadel is in grave danger, while the fact that the Austro-Germans have captured Stryi, a strategic point in East Galicia, indicates that not all their strength is turned on Peremysl.

ANOTHER DEADLOCK

Reports from the Dardanelles are fragmentary and very confusing. Apparently the situation there, on a small scale, is comparable to the deadlock in France. Having got a foothold on the Gallipoli Peninsula, the Allies are apparently forced to be content with defending themselves against attempts to dislodge them as often as they are able to try further progress. It is another seesaw endurance contest, the reinforcements of one side being matched by the reinforcements of the other.

On the western front the week has brought the Allies a slight margin of advantage. In

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Alsace, in Le Prêtre forest, in Artois, and on the Yser Canal French "nibbles" have pecked slight morsels of territory from the Germans. The German advance at Ypres amounted to only a stone's throw or so, while from Ypres to Arras the Allies have been doggedly boring ahead, closing in on Lens, with its important railways.

Twice during the week Zeppelins raided London and its suburbs, apparently in greater force than on any previous occasion, judging by the number of bombs dropped. Several fires were caused by incendiary bombs, and in London four persons were killed and several injured. The people of London do not seem to "scare" for a penny's worth, however. Instead, the effects of these raids is to lash them into a slow rage, which vents itself in futile and unjust riots directed against the property and persons of Germans in England. The traditional phlegm of Britons can be turned to anger more easily than to fright.

As we go to press it is unofficially reported that Rumania and Bulgaria have reached an understanding and will soon enter the war simultaneously against Germany and her allies. In its effect on the fortunes of the war such an event would be at least equal to the entrance of Italy.

PRESIDENT WILSON ON MEXICO

Two immediate causes led to President Wilson's utterance on Mexico last week. One was the report of appalling suffering by the people of Mexico and the appeal of the American Red Cross for aid in undertaking relief work and for protection in reaching the sufferers. This cause had already led Mr. Wilson to issue an appeal under his own name based on the fact that because of "several years of internal disturbance the unfortunate people of many parts of Mexico have been reduced to the verge of starvation, and unless aid is rendered they may die in great numbers for lack of food." The second cause was the report recently made on Mexican conditions to the President by Mr. Duval West; this report, it is commonly understood, was more definite and more enlightening than those of former personal representatives of the President in Mexico.

At all events, there is a distinct change in attitude in the note issued last Wednesday from that formerly taken by the President. It is not a threat, much less an ultimatum, but it does declare that now "the people and Government of the United States cannot stand indifferently by and do nothing to serve their neighbors." But, even then, the President immediately goes on to say of our people and Government, "they want nothing for themselves in Mexico." In the sense of aggression or acquisition this is true; but it is also true that there are things which Americans do want for themselves in Mexico, namely, protection for American life and property. For themselves, and for the peace of the continent also, they want order and decent government in Mexico, and, so far as this is concerned, they do claim a right to exercise, if necessary, a certain control in Mexican affairs. It is because the President has not recognized this that his Mexican policy has been void and of no effect.

In form the note on Mexico is an open statement directed both to Americans and Mexicans. It is not a diplomatic note, but it was sent by wire to our Consul at Vera Cruz, to the Brazilian Minister at Mexico City, and to Mr. Carothers, our consular agent; through these agencies it goes to the leaders of the different factions.

The President says, in effect, that Americans sympathized at first with the revolution, but now that the leaders have turned their arms against one another, now that one central authority at the capital is no sooner set up than undermined, now that no solution is near, now that Mexico has been swept by civil war as by fire, her crops destroyed, her people left without a government and starving, the United States sees its duty as a friend and neighbor to bring about a settlement.

What, then, does the President recommend? He thinks that now we should lend active moral support to some man or group of men who can rally the Mexicans in "an effort to ignore if they cannot unite the warring factions of the country." In this way he hopes that a government may be set up in Mexico City which the great Powers of the world can recognize and with which they may deal. He calls upon the factional leaders in Mexico to act together and promptly relieve their prostrate country, and ends with what seems not merely a temperate but, as compared with the published forecasts of the note, an exceedingly mild word of warning, as follows:

> I feel it to be my duty to tell them that if they cannot accommodate their differences and unite for this great purpose within a very short time this Government will be constrained to decide what means should be employed by the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

United States in order to help Mexico save herself and serve her people.

What has prevailed in Mexico is neither civil war nor revolution, but anarchy. To stop this, to protect Americans from murder and robbery, to protect non-Mexicans in Mexico also, because under the Monroe Doctrine we have undertaken indirectly to do so, to prevent Mexico for her own sake from going on from bad to worse, if that be possible—this is a plain duty for the United States. How this duty shall be fulfilled, at what time and by what means it shall be carried out, how far immediate action is advisable in the light of other problems, are questions which we do not undertake here to answer. In so far as the President's note recognizes this duty and indicates a purpose to carry it out, it is praiseworthy; in so far as it is interpreted to mean that we have no other right or mission in Mexico than to help the helpless, it is imperfect and insufficient.

THE HEARING IN THE FRANK CASE

Tried and condemned to death in the midst of a mob, although in a court-room, Leo M. Frank was given a hearing on May 31 by the Georgia Prison Commission. The question before the Commission was whether the sentence of death should be commuted to life imprisonment. Never before, so far as we know, in the history of this country has there been a convicted prisoner on whose behalf there has been such widespread and solemn appeal. It is not personal sympathy with the man alone that has elicited this Nation-wide concern, but an irrepressible feeling that a criminal trial conducted under the circumstances that surrounded the Frank case is not a vehicle of justice.

A delegation attended the hearing from Massachusetts, another from Chicago; Atlanta clergymen, Atlanta physicians, and Atlanta attorneys appeared to ask for commutation. Arguments for commutation were heard from people from other parts of Georgia.

Most impressive of all requests, however, was that proffered by one no longer living. This was that of the Judge before whom Frank was tried—Judge Roan. At the time of the trial he was not convinced of Frank's guilt, as he himself said when he heard the appeal for a new trial. Last December he wrote a letter to the attorneys for Leo M. Frank, in which he said: "It is possible that I showed undue deference to the opinion of the jury in this case, when I allowed their verdict to stand." And he added: "I do not believe that a person should meet with the extreme penalty of the law until the Court, jury, and Governor shall all have been satisfied of that person's guilt." Inasmuch as he was still unconvinced of the prisoner's guilt, he stated that he would express and enlarge upon his views "directly to the Governor and the Prison Commission." His death ensuing in the meantime, the attorneys to whom this letter was addressed exercised the liberty which Judge Roan granted them of using it at the hearing. Substantiating this was a letter from Judge Roan's brother in which he not only testified as to Judge Roan's doubts but went more specifically into the points of the case which led Judge Roan gravely to question the prisoner's guilt, and stated his own impression based upon what Judge Roan had told him.

At this hearing there was no argument raised by any one against commutation.

THE PAN-AMERICAN CONFERENCE

The official sessions of the Pan-American financial conference are now ended. What has been accomplished? The Outlook has already commented upon President Wilson's statement before the Conference that if private capital cannot soon establish means of communication between North and South America the Governments must undertake to do so. We have already stated our opinion that a fair trial should first be given to private enterprise.

A statement which has called forth equal comment was made by the Secretary of State in noting that the development of the Latin-American republics was hindered by their lack of credit. Mr. Bryan properly regarded this lack of credit as a loss, not alone to the countries involved, but also to this country. Hence he would accomplish an interchange of credit by taking from a Latin-American nation its bonds bearing, say, four per cent interest and give in exchange a like amount of United States bonds bearing three per cent interest. Instead of "making" the one per cent difference in interest rates, however, we would devote this to the amortization of the Latin-American bonds, which by investing the sinking fund at three per cent would be accomplished in, say, forty-seven years.

This idea has been variously received.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The admirable monthly publication of the National City Bank of New York declares that the interchange of credit which Great Britain is now making with her allies furnishes an example of what is proposed, and calls the Secretary's proposal "the most interesting and stimulating suggestion that has come from the conference. . . . Instead of being merely an after-dinner ebullition of friendliness, it is quite possible that it represents the most astute and enlightened statesmanship." At the same time, as this publication notes, we must be satisfied that our loan is to be used for the internal development of the borrowing countries, and that this development should be of a character to make them more valuable neighbors in the international family. It has also been pointed out by the daily newspapers that a loan to South America at three per cent is suggested, despite the fact that borrowers at home are willing to pay five and six!

Another statement by Mr. Bryan also aroused interest. He referred to the feeling of the delegates from Central American countries that our pending treaty with Nicaragua would give to that country certain advantages not to be enjoyed by its neighbors. This treaty proposes that we shall pay three million dollars to Nicaragua for the option on a canal right-of-way and for coaling stations on the Atlantic and Pacific coasts. On hearing of Costa Rica's objection that the treaty ignored her riparian rights, Mr. Bryan declared that our Government was willing to purchase rights from Costa Rica also, and that, though satisfied with the coaling stations mentioned in the treaty, we would, in order to avoid discrimination, willingly make offers to Honduras and Salvador for coaling stations.

The two outstanding accomplishments of the Pan-American Conference would seem to be the appointment of two committees—the first to labor for uniform laws; the second to consider the arbitration of trade disputes.

NEW YORK CITY'S STADIUM

The splendid Stadium which has been given to the College of the City of New York and to New York City by Mr. Adolph Lewisohn was dedicated last week with impressive ceremonies in the great hall of the College, followed by a performance in the Stadium of "The Trojan Women" of Euripides, as translated by Professor Gilbert Murray, of Oxford.

The Stadium, which holds seventy-five hundred persons, in size cannot compare with the stadia of some of our large American universities, but in beauty few, if any, surpass it. Semi-elliptical in form, with twenty tiers of seats surrounded by a great colonnade of sixty-four Doric columns, it suggests the graceful strength of the Coliseum at Rome. It is flanked on each wing by two pavilions. The whole structure, which is four hundred and sixty feet long by one hundred and ninety-five feet wide, is, as its donor hoped it would be, "an enduring emblem of the pride which the citizens feel in their city."

The Stadium will be used, not only for athletic competitions of the usual sort, but for plays and pageants, and perhaps for military drills.

There was a great appropriateness in the selection of Mr. Granville Barker's beautiful conception of the ancient Greek play as a dedication exercise. Human passions have changed little in the twenty-three hundred years since Euripides wrote, and the fate of Troy is the fate of many cities in Europe to-day. This play, as Mr. Francis Hovey Stoddard has ably put it, "flashes out a great dramatic lesson, the infinite pathos of a successful wrong." Only one word needs to be changed to fit the lament of the women of Troy for the mouths of the women of Poland or of Belgium:

> "And forth, lo, the women go,
> The crown of War, the crown of Woe,
> To bear the children of the foe,
> And weep, weep, for Ilion."

And Poseidon might denounce the ravagers of Belgian, French, and Galician cities with the same lines in which he rails at the wasters of the Trojan city:

> "How are ye blind,
> Ye treaders down of cities, ye that cast
> Temples to desolation, and lay waste
> Tombs, the untrodden sanctuaries where lie
> The ancient dead; yourselves so soon to die!"

Finally, there is good advice for modern cities in the words of the mad prophetess Cassandra:

> "Would ye be wise, ye cities, fly from war!
> Yet if war come, there is a crown in death
> For her that striveth well and perisheth
> Unstained; to die in evil were the stain."

DANTE

The exact date of Dante's birth is not known. It is chiefly referred to as "the middle of May."

The middle of May this year marked the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

six hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the birth of the great Florentine. Not only is the event in itself worth noting, but Dante comes especially to mind at this time of war, for no long-ago prophet has so accurately described the present well-nigh universal feeling with regard to the violation of Belgian cities as has he. The particular passage is from the "Divine Comedy." As every one knows, this great epic is divided into three parts: Hell, Purgatory, Heaven. The passage in question is from Purgatory, and reads as follows, the speaker supposed to be the shade of Hugh Capet:

"I was the root whence sprang that evil plant
Which casts such shade o'er all the Christian land
That good fruit is but rarely plucked from it.
But if Douai, Lille, Ghent, and Bruges had
The power, vengeance would be taken soon;
And I implore it of the Judge of all."

Except the Bible, no work has had so much written about it as has the "Divina Commedia," and no work has been translated into so many languages; among those in our own four are the work of American translators.

Moreover, Americans are to the fore in Dantesque comment. During the nineteenth century some five hundred publications dealing with the poet were written by Americans and printed in this country. Can any other country, excepting possibly Italy, show so many within the same period of time? It is striking that from a new country there should come criticism and appreciation of the great epic of an old country, and of that master who marked the transition from the Latin to the Italian language, writing in both, but forever establishing the value of Italian by the "Divina Commedia." What epic in any other language so unites emphasis and impact of thought with cadence and harmony of language? Despite the excellencies of translations, particularly those by Longfellow, Parsons, Butler, Carlyle, Charles Eliot Norton, and now Henry Johnson, the original has still a stress and sound which no translation can duplicate. It is well that this is so, for the "Divine Comedy" is in scope and power unique and in the loftiest rank in the history of literature.

THE HOME CLUB

More than a year ago the Hon. Franklin K. Lane, Secretary of the Interior, made a speaking trip through the West for the purpose of encouraging the farmers in the districts he visited. At that time many of the farmers were disconsolate. They had not been entirely successful in disposing of all their produce at what they considered a fair price, and they felt that the rate of interest which they were obliged to pay to banks for loans to move their crops was excessive. Secretary Lane told them that the remedy for these troubles was co-operation—co-operation with each other and with the Federal Government.

When he returned to Washington, the conviction struck Mr. Lane that he was not practicing what he had preached. Co-operation was needed in his own Department, the Department of the Interior. Then the Home Club was born.

To-day the Home Club has more than sixteen hundred members among the employees of the Interior Department, each member paying dues of fifty cents a month. But as the founder and members of this organization put the accent on the first part of its name, it was necessary for the Home Club to have a home. The old Ludlow Mansion, at 14 Jackson Place, Washington, D. C., was secured, and the imposing building which at various times has been the residence of many distinguished Americans was made over into a club-house—with parlors, kitchen, card-rooms, music-rooms, and with tennis-courts outside. When the wife of a member of the Club wishes to give a tea to her friends, she has only to make a reservation in advance with the manager of the Club to get a room or rooms free of charge. Musicals, dancing classes, and classes in languages, mathematics, and science are other advantages which the Club offers its members. The Club is meant to be used, and its home atmosphere is its soul.

Pursuing the idea of co-operation further, the members of the Club have gone in for co-operative buying, and by an arrangement with the merchants of Washington are enabled to get practically all the articles that an American household normally needs, from coal to apples, at discounts ranging from five to thirty per cent.

The interests fostered by this club extend beyond the portals of the club-house and beyond the Interior Department. The members are made to feel their importance as cogs in the great machine that does the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

country's business. They learn a broad, unselfish patriotism.

STONEHENGE

A cablegram from England announces that Stonehenge, the famous estate of the late Sir Edmund Antrobus, is for sale and will be auctioned off in September.

Stonehenge is nine miles north of Salisbury. The name comes from the Saxon Stanhengest, or "Hanging Stones." They constitute the ruins of an ancient sanctuary. In the middle is the so-called altar—a slab of blue marble. Most of the larger stones are sandstone, the others are granite.

Some one has said of Stonehenge that it is to England what the Pyramids are to Egypt. Scientists have declared that the old castle belongs to an epoch nearly two thousand years before the birth of Christ. Blocks of stone weighing some two hundred tons were used in its construction, but no one knows how they were lifted when the castle was built.

Sir Edmund Antrobus had offered to sell Stonehenge to the Government for $750,000, finally dropping the price to $600,000, but the offer was refused.

If during 1915 the British Government can spare the auction price of Stonehenge from the very necessary and pressing expenditures due to the war, it may itself become the purchaser.

A PREACHING MISSION

The Rev. Dr. James E. Freeman, rector of St. Mark's Church, Minneapolis, presented the necessity for a "revival of the prophetic ministry" at the last General Convention of the Episcopal Church; and a commission was appointed to make arrangements for a "Nation-wide preaching mission." Many of the leading clergy of the Episcopal Church were made members of that Commission, and the next Advent season, which will begin early in December, will be the occasion for a National movement of an evangelistic kind.

In the endeavor to revive and deepen interest in religion, special missions and services, special literature and publicity of various kinds, will enter into this scheme, and a preaching mission will be in operation simultaneously through the Episcopal Church in this country.

This movement has led to a local movement of similar purpose in New York, where a committee of Episcopal clergymen, of which Bishop Greer is the Honorary Chairman, have undertaken to conduct a mission which will begin at once and be continued for nearly a year. Meetings for prayer and conference have been arranged to take place weekly in various churches and parish houses in New York. During July and August a large tent will be pitched on the grounds of the Cathedral and evangelistic meetings will be held every afternoon and evening. On Sunday the services will be held in the Cathedral and special preachers will occupy the pulpit.

Among other evidences of the spirit of work in the Diocese of New York is the announcement that laymen will have charge of some of the meetings of the next Diocesan Convention, and that they will also be called upon for help at the summer meetings and in the meetings which are to follow. This action on the part of one of the most conservative of churches is further evidence of the fact that the churches are waking up to the special needs of the time, and are beginning to study special adaptations to those needs.

GENERAL THOMAS H. HUBBARD

A man of many interests who distinguished himself in the direction of all of them was General Thomas Hamlin Hubbard, who died recently at his home in New York City. Soldier, lawyer, philanthropist, and financier, he was best known for his enthusiasm for Arctic exploration, which was largely contributive to the discovery of the North Pole. For years he was President of the Peary Arctic Club, which was formed to give Admiral Peary financial backing in his polar quest; but after this quest had ended in success General Hubbard's interest in the frozen north did not end, and he was one of the financial contributors to the McMillan expedition now in the Arctic studying the native tribes.

General Hubbard was born in Hallowell, Maine, in 1838. After graduating from Bowdoin College in 1857 and subsequently studying law at the Albany (New York) Law School, he was admitted to the New York bar. The Civil War soon broke out, and the young lawyer went to the front as a first lieutenant and adjutant with the Twenty-fifth Maine Volunteers. He had a hand in the construction of the famous Red River Dam, which was built to raise the water level so that Federal gunboats which had run aground

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

could be floated out of danger, and his services as a whole were so conspicuous and so valuable that in 1864 he was made colonel of his regiment and in the following year was commissioned brevet brigadier-general.

Soon afterward General Hubbard resumed the practice of law in New York. He gave this up in 1894 in order to devote more time to his business interests, which were numerous.

General Hubbard was a generous giver to many worthy causes, but always in a quiet, unostentatious way. Bowdoin College was a favorite object of his benefactions, and among the donations that remain as visible monuments to this man of wide achievement and broad outlook are the splendid Hubbard Library and the fine grand stand, which displays the motto, "Fair Play, and May the Best Man Win."

A more enduring monument is Cape Thomas Hubbard, which, from the wind-swept coast of Grant Land, faces the conquered Pole across reaches of grinding pack-ice, over which Robert E. Peary, another Bowdoin man, carried the Stars and Stripes in 1909.

CITY PLANNING IN BELGIUM

It is said that the Germans have destroyed some thirty thousand buildings in Belgium. The question arises, not only as to the rebuilding of these houses, but also as to the replanning of the towns and cities in which they are located. A committee called the Belgian Town Planning Committee has therefore been formed. It is made up of representatives from the Belgian Cabinet, from the Royal Institute of British Architects, from the Institute of Municipal and County Engineers, and from the International Town Planning Association. This Committee has decided that the actual work of rebuilding Belgium should be done from plans prepared by Belgian architects and engineers and executed entirely by the Belgians themselves, the work of the English and other non-Belgian members of the Committee being purely advisory.

The Committee's first duty is to secure a complete civic survey of the devastated cities and towns. This work is proceeding slowly but successfully. As to reforms in the replanning, however, great difficulty, of course, lies in the necessity of consulting the owners of the property in question—a fifth of the adult population of Belgium own their own houses—and the difficulty is rendered still greater by the fact that the residents of Flanders in especial are notably conservative.

It is earnestly to be trusted that in the rebuilding the picturesquely architectural beauties of the old Flemish towns may not be sacrificed to modern physical requirements necessarily demanded in scientific town planning. As Lord Bryce reminds us:

> Town planning is a comparatively new science in this country. In the Middle Ages beauty came naturally, men's minds were full of conception of beauty, and the very irregularity with which cities were built was an element of picturesqueness which the straight lines which came into fashion in later times could not attain.

Nor should there be any effort to superimpose upon the Belgians any architectural ideas which are not indigenous.

Special point is now given to all of the above because of the holding in London of The Remaking of Belgium Exhibition at which the present conditions and needs of Belgium are illustrated and examples of the best work in town planning carried out in other countries are shown.

SAFETY

The American Museum of Safety in New York City has moved its quarters from a sixth floor in West Thirty-ninth Street to a ground floor and basement at No. 16 and 18 West. Twenty-fourth Street. We congratulate the Museum on this change. Its exhibits need to be brought as immediately as possible to the attention of those most affected by them, and those are the people of the loft and factory district, where the streets at noon and at certain other hours teem with working men and women, boys and girls.

As one passes along West Twenty-fourth Street a large illuminated sign—"SAFETY"—stretching over the sidewalk may be seen even from Sixth Avenue. It serves to mark the most interesting show windows in the street, and in front of them one generally finds more or less of a crowd of interested onlookers. This week, for instance, they see in the windows a safety automobile together with safety helmets and other appurtenances belonging to the Consolidated Gas Company. Last week the windows were filled with the safety tools and other appliances of the Edison Company.

On the ground floor, besides offices, are exhibits showing vocational diseases and the means for their prevention, a screen for moving pictures, and an auditorium where

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

lectures will be given daily. By these lectures Dr. William H. Tolman, the director, expects to teach the value of "safety first" in the factory, on the railways, and in the streets, and also the lesson that safety means the shielding of the children in the household within the walls of the dwelling and a standard of better living. A section is devoted to the exhibit of industrial dietetics, in which the sightseer may note the relative values of condensed milk and the fresh article, of rye flour and corn meal. Over several glass cases, in which evidence is presented to prove the truth of the statement, one reads that "Alcohol Lessens Efficiency."

Below stairs are exhibits showing what has been done to protect workers from the danger of moving machinery and to safeguard against the carelessness of fellow-workmen, together with all sorts of safety appliances, from non-combustible gasoline cans to stabilizers for sinking ships. The membership of the Museum of Safety includes many steam and electric railways, gas and electric light corporations, and certain great industrial and manufacturing organizations. Thus the Museum's influence affects the welfare of a large percentage of the Nation's industrial workers. This influence is now immensely increased by the possibility of convenient use of the Museum and of its entry into the crowded life of the business area of New York City.

THE AMERICAN FEDERATION OF ARTS

The American Federation of Arts is doing a work of constructive civilization. Through it the life of our Nation is being enriched.

The Federation comprises in its membership all but one of the art museums in this country, together with numerous art societies and clubs. Its best-known endeavor has been its traveling exhibitions. There has been an increased demand for them during the past year, we are glad to say, and more sales have been made than ever before. Since last June the Federation has sent out twenty-six exhibitions, which have been shown in one hundred and twenty-four places and have been viewed by thousands of persons. These exhibitions comprise oil paintings, water-colors, original illustrations, architectural designs, engravings, etchings, colored prints, photographs, and small bronzes.

Another work of the Federation has been the sending out of typewritten illustrated lectures on subjects pertaining to art. During the past winter some fifty such lectures have been given at various places throughout the country where authoritative lectures could not be secured.

In order further to increase interest in art, the Federation publishes a monthly illustrated magazine, "Art and Progress," and a yearly directory, the "American Art Annual."

Finally, in connection with the annual meeting of the Federation just held at Washington, an Exhibition of American Industrial Art was inaugurated and is now in progress at the National Museum. This is the first time, we believe, when manufacturers, artists, and the Federal Government have combined in assembling such an exhibition. In it are shown rugs, tapestries, silks and other woven fabrics, laces, embroideries, linens, wood carving, ironwork, bronzes, silverware, jewelry, enameling, china, pottery, glass, wall papers, furniture, stained glass, bookbinding—almost everything, in fact, made in America in which the art of design is the factor.

The Federation's annual Convention was well attended, between three and four hundred persons being present each day. The chief topic under discussion was art education, with special reference to cultural and industrial development. One of the papers read was by Ralph Adams Cram, the eminent architect. He declared that our workmanship was now as good as any ever produced in the best eras of the past, provided always that American workmen were allowed to take pride in their work and to find joy in its creation. Mr. Cram also gave expression to this other equally interesting conviction:

> The very events which are now turning the world into a shambles and culture into mockery must, in the end, have issue in a newer and better civilization that will demand art expression as has been the case at no time since the era of mediævalism or the first glory of the Renaissance.

CHARITY'S GREAT ADVENTURE

Edward J. Williams, who as disbursing officer of the Panama Canal during its construction paid out $193,000,000 (without an error of so much as one cent, by the way), and who is temporarily holding a similar position with the Commission for Relief in Belgium—having been "loaned" by the Chicago manufacturing concern of which he is treasurer—finds that he has a bigger job on his hands then when on the Isthmus, where he handled only $2,000,000 per month from

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

1905 until 1913, as against $10,000,000 per month this year.

Two million dollars per month was the largest amount ever disbursed by any other paymaster than the treasurer of a Government (and the Canal itself was a Government project), while the monthly expenditure of the Commission, which is a private enterprise, exceeds that involved in the digging of the big ditch fivefold. The greatest amount of freight ever shipped from the port of New York in one year by all the transatlantic steamship lines combined was approximately 1,000,000 tons. The Commission has shipped nearly half that amount —450,000 tons of food and clothing—in six months, from sixteen Atlantic, Pacific, and Gulf ports. As against two and three ships per week sent out from American ports by any one of the great transatlantic lines when ocean traffic was at its height, the Commission has cleared as many as nine ships per week; its minimum clearances are a 6,000-ton steamer every forty-eight hours. Up to June 1, 9,000,000 of the 900,000,000 bushels that constituted the United States wheat crop of 1914 had been sent to the starving Belgians. During the winter and spring the Commission's monthly food shipments to the distressed nation were 60,000 tons of wheat or its equivalent in flour, 10,000 tons of rice, 5,000 tons of peas and beans, 1,200 tons of smoked salmon, and 300 cases of condensed milk. By the middle of April, the Belgians having by that time killed off all their cattle and hogs because there was nothing left in the country to feed them on, there was added to these shipments a standing order for packing-house products, comprising 1,200,000 pounds of clear bellies, 1,200,000 pounds of fat backs, 1,200,000 pounds of lard, and 2,400,000 pounds of barrel beef.

In addition to the 7,000,000 Belgians whom the Commission originally proposed to feed, it has extended its good offices to 2,500,000 French people south of the Belgian frontier within the German lines, the necessary funds being provided by French banks and institutions.

HOW IT IS DONE AND WHAT IT MEANS

It should not be understood that all the Belgians are being fed free. Indeed, only something like 1,500,000 of them are actually destitute, while the other 5,500,000 pay for their food at a slight advance on what it costs the Commission to import and distribute it throughout the Belgian provinces, a part of the burden of caring for the very poor being thus imposed upon the well-to-do. And, owing to the expert knowledge of foodstuff values of the Commission's purchasing agent, who is Edward G. Broenniman, Vice-President of the New York Produce Exchange, as well as to generous concessions in price of grain and railway transport, bread has been cheaper in Belgium for the last six months than in London, where prices are normal. By the middle of August the foodstuffs imported into Belgium by the Commission will have reached a total of $65,000,000, of which the people of Belgium will themselves indirectly have provided the greater amount, this being made possible by the financial machinery put into operation by the American business men who compose the Commission.

An interesting comment upon the present situation in Belgium is made by William B. Parker, the official historian of the Commission. "One of the most unlooked for and surprising results of the work of the Commission for Relief in Belgium," he says, "is that it has brought about the realization of one of the dreams of Socialism, and brought it about through a group of business men working along lines characteristic of 'big business'—the dream of collective marketing for an entire nation. For months the Commission has bought and distributed all the food consumed by the people of Belgium. This was due to necessity, to be sure, but it has resulted in a demonstration of economy and efficiency which may easily have far-reaching consequences. Entered upon in something like an answer to a challenge, and with the intention of proving that philanthropic work could be conducted by business men on business principles—an undertaking that is in the very spirit of modern business on a large scale—without the slightest sympathy with or thought of Socialism or any of its theories, there may yet proceed from this achievement influences affecting communities and nations, and modifying no little part of the present habits and methods both in marketing and distribution."

INDUSTRIAL EDUCATION IN CHINA

The Chinese province of Shantung has been especially prominent latterly because of the Chino-Japanese discussions. It is interesting to note the progress which is being

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

made by our missionaries in that great province. A quarter of it is governed by the city of Tungchang. The military, political, and educational headquarters for eight or nine million people are centered in this city, and it is therefore an important religious center for the work of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions. The Rev. E. W. Ellis, of the Board's staff, tells us about some of the higher schools which the new China is endeavoring to maintain. Mr. Ellis says:

The normal school is one of the four of highest rank in the province, and has an attendance of one hundred and sixty. The middle school has one hundred and thirty, and two other schools have a combined attendance of over one hundred.

One of these is the Industrial School. Here from each of the twenty-nine districts governed by the city five boys are allowed to come and study a trade. The teaching includes Chinese printing, bookmaking, and the making of military uniforms—the stitching being done on Singer sewing-machines.

We also visited the industrial prison where weaving and shoemaking were being carried on by the inmates.

Such an account as the above represents an immense change in China's educational ideals, as well as in Chinese methods of treating prisoners. Such a change caused the American president of a Chinese college to declare not long since that living in China just now is like being in the transformations of an "Arabian Nights'" story.

PANAMA CANAL TRAFFIC

The latest issue of "The Canal Record," the official publication of the Washington office of the Panama Canal, gives an interesting analysis of the traffic which passed through the Canal during the month of February. This analysis shows that the traffic embraced some sixty-five different commodities.

Of these, the commodities which had the largest tonnage were those registered as "general cargo." Next came nitrates shipped from Chilean ports, mostly to Europe.

Next came wheat from Seattle and Tacoma, Washington, and Portland, Oregon, and consigned to England, France, Algeria, and South Africa.

Next came barley almost equal in amount to wheat. All of the barley was shipped from San Francisco, and all went to Great Britain, except small amounts to Denmark and Holland.

Next followed sugar. Most of it came from Hawaii and was destined to the harbor of New York; very small amounts, however, came from Japan and Peru.

Next in order came phosphates, and then followed iron and steel, iron ore, seed, flour, railway material, lumber, machinery, cotton, canned goods, crude oil, oats, Panama hats, copper ore, textiles, cacao, coal, beans, liquors, rice, and many other commodities.

The diversity of all this traffic will assuredly increase the universal interest in the commercial operation and influence of the Panama Canal.

THE GERMAN NOTE AND AMERICA'S DUTY

The German note is before the American people. It gives no assurance that the policy of sinking merchant vessels and of wholesale assassination of non-combatants will not be continued. The answer of the American Government is not at this writing made public. We do not propose either to prophesy for or to prescribe to the President. He will speak for the Nation, but he can speak effectively only as the Nation is prepared to sustain him. What should be the attitude of the American people in this crisis? That is the question which here The Outlook endeavors to answer.

The Nation, not merely the President, must be prepared to say to the German Government, in courteous but not in uncertain terms: Your answer is not responsive to our demands; it is evasive, and we are in no mood for evasion. America is willing to give you any information you desire about any facts which are in dispute, but no matter what those facts are, no matter what questions you may ask or what answers we give, the United States never has acknowledged and never will acknowledge the right or the humanity of Germany's present methods of carrying on submarine warfare. No matter what questions may be put or what answers may be given, America holds, and always will hold, that to attack non-combatants or to attack merchant vessels and endanger the lives of non-combatants without arranging to save those lives is unjustifiable and undebatable.

But America must be prepared to do as well as to speak. Protesting against wholesale murder on the high seas, the Nation

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

must be prepared to maintain its protests by its acts.

We do not believe that there is probable peril of war. No American desires war. Nor do we believe that Germany wishes to add another to the enemies she already confronts, though some students of our times are of a different opinion. But the wise man prepares not only for probable but also for possible perils, and no one can say that war is an impossible peril. Our fathers did not wait until they heard the war-whoop of the Indians before they began to build their stockades.

To-day America is unready. She needs to prepare, not for war, but, as Secretary Garrison has said, against war. Our navy should be made efficient; our harbor defenses should be adequately equipped; our army should be provided with arms and munitions of war; a citizen soldiery should be organized out of our State militia; a reserve should be provided by a system of short enlistments. By these or by other and better means we should render ourselves capable of resisting attack by an invading army. Argument can be made for disarmament. No argument can be made for armaments that are inefficient—adequate to provoke attack, not adequate to repel it. There is no spirit of militarism in America. Americans have no wish for war, but they ought to be prepared to meet those who do wish for war. Jingoes and Tolstoyans are equally the enemies of their country.

These preparations the people must largely leave to be carried out by their leaders, though by public sentiment we can support and even push forward our leaders. Servants wait for orders; the leaders of democracy are the servants of democracy. But there are other preparations which leaders cannot make. The people must make them by voluntary and spontaneous action.

We can by private speech and public press either allay or provoke mutual suspicion and distrust; either close up the rifts in American democracy or make them wider; either arouse or discourage National patriotism. It is probable that there are in America some German spies, as there have been in all other neutral countries. It is not improbable that there may be agents of the Prussian military party as unscrupulous as their employer, ready to attempt on a larger scale what an irresponsible German attempted in Maine—to blow up our bridges or our American manufactories. Against these we must be on our guard; but for the most part this guarding must be left to the police, National and local.

But the great body of those Americans who are of German birth are loyal to the land of their adoption. That they are perplexed in their sympathies is inevitable; that they are unwilling to believe the stories of military atrocities which The Outlook has been reluctantly compelled to believe by incontrovertible evidence, and that for unquestioned acts of inhumanity they wish to find some grounds of defense in the apologies which to The Outlook seem rather to aggravate than to defend, is natural. That some of them would be unwilling to fight against their Fatherland in an army of invasion is not improbable. But the almost unanimous voice of their representative press shows them ready to defend their homeland against invasion, and, with few if any exceptions, they will be found in a defensive war fighting as loyally as the native Americans at their side. Whoever stirs up suspicion or hostility in them against their fellow-countrymen, or in their fellow-countrymen against them, is an enemy of both and of their common country. The unity which in autocratic Germany is secured by a censored press and by forbidding public meetings, public debates, and public criticism must be secured in democratic America by the voice of a people united by a common interest and inspired by a common patriotism.

We wish that the Administration would give formal expression to this National unity, and by expressing develop and strengthen it. We wish that the President would take into his counsels prominent leaders from the various sections, the various parties, and the various ranks and classes of this country, especially the wisest and most experienced leaders in Congress, in determining, not whether we will hold Germany to "a strict accountability" for her lawless course of action—that is no longer a debatable question—but what steps we can best take to accomplish that purpose. This is a question which demands the best wisdom of the Nation. The crisis calls, not for party action, but for the action of the Nation. The President, to make his action effective, needs the support of all parties and all sections, and therefore he needs their counsel.

America confronts a new problem, has laid upon her a new duty. She is called on,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

despite herself, to maintain in the midst of a world war the rights of non-combatants. Upon the maintenance of those rights depends, not only the hope of a world peace, but the possibility of a world civilization.

JOHN W. ALEXANDER

The premature death of John White Alexander removes a singularly distinguished American artist. Mr. Alexander was only fifty-eight years old. He was born in Allegheny City, Pennsylvania. From the first he wanted to draw and to illustrate, and as a boy he came to New York City and applied at the art department of Messrs. Harper & Brothers, the publishers, for work. But they were able to offer him only a position as office boy. Young Alexander despised no round of the ladder, and promptly accepted the position. He performed his duties so well that he was rewarded by permission to try his hand at art work.

Here he quickly showed individual ability, and the late Edwin A. Abbey, who illustrated for the Harpers at that time, advised him to go abroad. He did so, studied at the Royal Munich Academy, joined an American artist colony in the Bavarian highlands, and then worked in Italy. Returning to America, he painted for ten years in New York. Then followed another period abroad. Mr. Alexander exhibited his pictures in Paris and London, as well as in New York, and his success in each city was instant. At the Grafton Gallery in London he was given the place of honor. While in Paris his pictures were not only received, but all were marked Number One, a distinction given usually to not more than five or six out of several hundred.

In New York, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, and other places in this country where Mr. Alexander's portraits and figure pieces were seen there was a quick and grateful recognition on the part of the on'ookers that here was the work of one essentially American.

Pre-eminently a painter of decorative portraits and decorative figure pieces, Mr. Alexander was pre-eminent in his essential American qualities both personally and professionally. Personally he was the Sir Anthony van Dyck of our time. A man of great refinement, gracious and charming manners, restrained in the best sense, his work also combined finish and elegance with a vigor which never became violence. For this reason his pictures did not always make the stir that might have been expected, for it was realized that the painter's temperament was reflective rather than emotional. But it was also realized that here was the work of one whose line was fluent, vivacious, alluringly graceful, and always precise. One never got the notion that Mr. Alexander could hesitate. The flow of the drapery depicted by him seemed as simple and swift and inevitable as the flow of a river. There was always the suggestion of motion, of music—it seemed the very melody of mind. Add to this an unerring instinct for the subtleties of light and atmosphere. His hand was guided by the pictorial sense; he viewed every portrait as a picture. That is why some plodders in art call the Alexander portraits piquant. They are piquant precisely as the really typical American man and woman, boy and girl, are piquant.

Mr. Alexander's portraiture had its limitations, but it was strong in normal physiology and psychology and action. The portrait of Mrs. Wheaton, in conception, color quality, atmosphere, seems fairly ideal. Recall the portraits of Joseph Jefferson, Dr. Holmes, Mr. Marquand, Mr. Burroughs, Robert Louis Stevenson, Dr. Patton, Dr. McCosh, President Loubet, Daudet, Rodin, President Cleveland, above all the child Geraldine Russell standing tiptoe upon a little hill—where has any painter exceeded these portraits in pure tonality?

Mr. Alexander's figure pieces were equally remarkable; indeed, some hold as his best work the "Isabella" in the Boston Museum, or his "Green Bow" in the Luxembourg, or his "Woman in Gray" in the Vienna Gallery, or his lunettes in the Congressional Library at Washington entitled "The Evolution of the Book"—above all, the contribution which he made to Pittsburgh, next-door neighbor of his birthplace, in his mural decorations for the Carnegie Institute. An accomplished artist may reproduce beautiful things, but only a great artist can make an ugly thing beautiful. And this is just what Mr. Alexander did in Pittsburgh. Instead of taking some classical or romantic subject, he attacked the utmost ugliness of the Pittsburgh industries and with them as a background depicted the half-naked workers like modern Greek athletes amid all the flame and smoke, so that his work becomes a great celebration of the dignity and intensity of labor.

Through all this work the Alexander

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

qualities are evident—delicacy of vision and a spontaneous seeking for sensitive rhythms and subtleties of expression.

Finally, Mr. Alexander was not only a personal artist. He had in a high degree the sense of public art. He did his best to make the metropolis realize this in his five years' presidency of the National Academy of Design, in which he spent his strength to get an adequate building for the Academy which would house not only that organization, but also other societies like the American Water-Color Society, the American Institute of Architects, the National Sculpture Society, the Municipal Art Society, etc. The mention of the Municipal Art Society calls to mind Mr. Alexander's interests in the various fields of art propaganda in the metropolis. There was hardly an endeavor in this direction which did not number him in its very active membership. His last deed in this direction was last month, when he went to the Boys' Club in Avenue A, and there judged the drawings of the boys which had been placed on exhibition, awarding the prizes.

Such a man, in himself, in his professional work, in his wide fraternal outlook, is a blessing to the country and to the city in which he lived. His honors were many, but his fascinating personality could not be formally recognized; it was the personal possession of the friends who loved him. By his death the American Academy of Arts and Letters adds another name to the long list of men distinguished in the arts who have ended their work during the last few months.

A CITIZEN SAINT

The saints are for the moment out of fashion; but fashion is only for an hour, while great souls are for all time; and the saints are men and women of great soul. Some of them have been great in mind; St. Paul and St. Augustine were of heroic stature intellectually. Some have been great in heart, so great that they have seen God; St. John and St. Francis had the genius for loving, and day and night the gates of heaven were open to them. Some have been divinely appointed to minister to the needy in body and spirit; they have worn the dress of many orders and of no order, but they have hovered about every battlefield; the cross has been on the arms of a host of them, but they have been women of every faith, and in every age they have sweetened the bitterness of strife and tempered its brutality with the hand that heals. Their number has been legion, and to-day they are a noble army.

There have been saints among thinkers, scholars, poets, statesmen, men of affairs, social workers; for saintliness is not a matter of profession, it is a quality of spirit, and the greater the saintliness the smaller are its chances of canonization, for the saints use trumpets only to lead the onslaught against evil or to cheer the faint-hearted.

Charles Richmond Henderson, Professor of Sociology, head of the Department of Practical Sociology, and University Chaplain in the University of Chicago, was a man of tireless activity, immersed in affairs so many that he was almost obscured by the manifold works of his hands; but now that his activities have ceased and his eager spirit has "taken wages and gone home," to recall "Cymbeline," the great soul behind these labors has revealed itself so clearly that a host of those who knew and loved him are recognizing in him not only the citizen, the scholar, and the teacher, but the saint. Working in one of the most modern of universities, in one of the most active commercial cities of the age, dealing professionally with the newest of the greater subjects of education, a white light of purity has begun to glow over all these activities—the white light by which the saints have always been known.

The Dean of the University of Chicago described Dr. Henderson's life as a vindication of the Gospel of Christ, a practical working out in daily thought and action of the spirit, the principles, and the methods of the teacher and leader whom Dr. Henderson followed with triumphant faith and resolute will. The qualities which shone from the Christ shone from this ardent disciple—magnanimity of soul, serene confidence in his mission, unfaltering courage, unshaken hope, the patience which is born of the union of knowledge with faith, love of justice as a working principle in society, the sacrificial spirit. Speaking two years ago in the chapel of the Doshisha, the Christian college in the ancient capital of Japan, one of the centers of the non-Christian world, Dr. Henderson's words had a prophetic quality, both of interpretation of the will of God and of assurance of the fulfillment of that will at the ends of the earth.

In this prophetic spirit he filled all the functions he assumed with ardor, energy,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and a consecration that was luminous with the spirit of love and sacrifice. As university teacher and preacher; as lecturer in India, China, and Japan; as President of the International Prison Congress, and of the United Charities of Chicago; in almost numberless kinds of work—personal and public—for others, he used all the latest instruments and methods of Christian service with the faith and fervor of the Apostolic age.

The end of this man's life was a crowning demonstration of his sincerity and devotion. In October last he was told that he was in a very precarious condition physically. If he had thought of himself, he would have dropped all work at that time; but at that very moment the unemployed were crowding into Chicago, and Dr. Henderson did not hesitate to throw himself into the breach. With the support of only four or five public-spirited citizens he worked tirelessly all winter to meet the critical situation by individual co-operation. In the end he and his associates came to the conclusion that individual organization could not deal with so great a task, that the State must assume the responsibility, and a bill was prepared to introduce in the present session of the Illinois Legislature. Just before his death Dr. Henderson sent to the printer an account of the experience that culminated in the preparation of this bill. Then came the apoplectic stroke of which he had been warned and from which he died on the field of battle in the cause to which he had given his life. The death of such a man does not end a career; it is only a beginning for him, and only a beginning for many others whom his example calls to a kindred service.

SHINING WORDS AND DEEDS

The real tragedies of life are not losses of property, though these are often very serious; nor hardships, though these often tax human endurance to the last limit; nor death, though that brings with it loneliness and life-long sorrow. The real tragedies of life are those happenings which shake our faith in its spiritual dignity, its immortal meaning. The coward, the man who betrays a trust, the woman who breaks a vow, impairs the capital of faith, hope, and spiritual energy in the world; and these are the real tragedies. The death of a noble man or woman in a great enterprise is not a tragedy, though it may involve disaster on a great scale. On the contrary, every such death makes life more worth living, and gives an impulse to heroism, endurance, and faith.

At this moment, when the world is overshadowed by great material losses, and, above all, by a world-wide sorrow for brave men dying in great companies, the confusion and darkness are lighted up as by stars by the most magnificent revelation of heroism in history, and by many beautiful deeds of courage and kindness. Those who are predicting a long reign of hate are leaving out of account the most generous impulses in human nature and shutting their eyes to the marvelous transformations in national feeling which have often followed great wars.

The loss of the Lusitania has carried sorrow into many households, but it was not an unrelieved disaster. On the contrary, as in the sinking of the Titanic, the spirit of man showed itself indestructible and victorious in the moment of apparent defeat. When the Lusitania sank, it carried down a brave and generous spirit in Lindon Bates, a man young in years but already old in the service of humanity, tireless in his devotion to the relief of starving and homeless Belgium. In the last moment he was met in the companionway going below for the children. In the same spirit Alfred G. Vanderbilt is reported as saying, "Let us save the kiddies." The man who in supreme danger thinks not of himself but of others shows a higher quality than courage. And Charles Frohman, the friend of all the actors who ever appeared in the many theaters in which he was interested, and to whom they were always as his own children, was overheard saying, "Death is the most beautiful adventure of life." All the records that come from the sinking ship reveal self-control, courage in the last great hour of life, and thought for others. It is by such deeds and words that humanity is sustained in its age-long struggle for self-control, for unselfishness, and for spiritual vision. There is no need of formally honoring the memory of the men and women who went down off the Irish coast by scattering flowers on the place where they disappeared, as was done a few years ago on the waters where the Maine sank. Those whose names are reported among the lost "found themselves" in the great crisis of life, and have added to the spiritual resources of humanity.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE CRISIS WITH GERMANY

Elsewhere in this issue we discuss editorially "The German Note and America's Duty." Here we present the substance of the note, point out its irrelevancy, and report public opinion concerning it.—THE EDITORS.

I—THE GERMAN REPLY

THE note from the German Imperial Foreign Secretary, Herr Gottlieb von Jagow, in reply to the American remonstrance and protest as to the sinking of the Lusitania, is brief—probably not over twelve hundred words in length. The introductory paragraph and the final paragraph, taken together, point out that Germany reserves a final statement of its position as regards our demands until it shall receive a reply from America to the note it now sends, and that it asks the American Government meanwhile to consider the facts or allegations of the present note before replying. As for itself, Germany professes "a lively wish to contribute in a frank and friendly manner to clear up any misunderstanding."

What, then, are the allegations of the German note?

The Cushing and the Gulflight. As to the attacks by aeroplane and submarine respectively upon these two American ships, Germany says that it has not ordered such attacks on neutral ships; that the "isolated and exceptional" cases in which neutral ships have "come to grief" are traceable to the misuse of flags by the British in connection with carelessness or suspicious actions on the part of such ships. Germany has already expressed its regret at such mistakes and has promised indemnification if the facts justified it. It is also willing to send such cases before an International Commission of Inquiry under the Hague Agreement of 1907.

The Falaba Case. In this case, says the note, the captain of the German submarine meant to give passengers and crew ample chance to save themselves. But the Falaba disregarded the order to lay to, tried to escape, and sent up rockets for help. The submarine then by megaphone ordered crew and passengers to leave the Falaba within ten minutes, and in fact only fired its torpedo after twenty-three minutes had passed. This is all the defense made for taking an American's life on a British passenger steamship, unarmed and non-combatant. It cannot fail to be noted that no single word of regret is used as to this instance.

The Lusitania Slaughter. Regret is again expressed, but in a coldly formal manner, as to the loss of life by neutrals—not a word of regret for the deaths of the hundreds of other non-combatants is uttered. The note then attempts to point out questions of fact which it thinks may have "escaped the attention of the American Government." First, the note says that the United States considered the Lusitania as "an ordinary, unarmed merchant vessel." So it does. The German Government attempts to controvert this by alleging that the Lusitania was carried as an auxiliary cruiser in the Navy List issued by the British Admiralty. Second, the note says that there are reports in Germany that the Lusitania had mounted and masked guns under deck. No evidence is offered, but in the same paragraph the note asserts (apparently as having some bearing) that Germany has been told by persons not named that many English merchant vessels do carry guns. Third, the note asserts (no proof offered) that last February the British Admiralty secretly advised captains of merchant ships to use neutral flags and to attack German submarines by ramming; that high rewards were offered for the destruction of submarines by merchant vessels, and that the rewards have been paid in some cases. Germany therefore refuses to consider as "undefended territory" British merchant vessels in "the zone of war" marked off by Germany. Hence, it is added, Germany will not "observe the rule of right of capture" heretofore recognized. Fourth, the Lusitania, it is said, had Canadian troops and munitions of war aboard; the steamship company, says the note, knew that the passengers were in danger and used the lives of American citizens to protect its ammunition, violating also the American laws forbidding the carrying of passengers on ships having explosives on board. Then follows what we believe is the only statement of alleged fact in the whole note based upon tangible evidence, namely, the report of the submarine commander of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

his belief that the Lusitania sank rapidly, primarily because of an explosion of ammunition caused by a torpedo. At all events, the German Government affirms its belief that when its soldiers destroy ammunition destined for the enemy the act is one of self-defense—inferentially, if British and American women and children lose their lives, it may be their fault or England's or the Cunard Company's, but positively not Germany's.

Outside the Case. Finally—and what it has to do with the case we know not—Germany reminds us that we sometime ago made proposals to Berlin and London suggesting a compromise agreement between Germany and Great Britain for the conduct of their war at sea.

II—NOT RESPONSIVE

NONE of the facts alleged in Germany's reply to the American protest against the sinking of the Lusitania has any bearing upon the real point at issue. The protest was against the practice of sinking a merchantman without first boarding her, examining her, and providing for the safety of passengers and crew. Upon this issue not a word of Germany's reply touches.

Germany alleges that the Lusitania was armed, that it carried explosives and troops, and thus that it was to be considered as an enemy cruiser and transport. Such an allegation with regard to a tragedy like this is frivolous. There were two methods by which Germany could have ascertained the truth or falsity of this allegation without torpedoing the Lusitania. One method was to have protested long ago to the United States Government against allowing an armed cruiser and transport to leave New York Harbor. By letting the Lusitania leave New York Harbor as a merchantman without protest Germany estopped herself from now denying that she was a merchantman. The other method was by stopping the Lusitania on the high seas, boarding her, and finding out directly whether she bore the armament of a cruiser or not. Germany did neither.

In attempting to point out the alleged facts, the German Government speaks of them as having possibly "escaped the attention of the American Government." Is it not possible for the German Foreign Office to indite a diplomatic communication without casting such a reflection upon the intelligence of those to whom its communication is addressed?

The German allegations are, however, not only irrelevant, but unsupported by any evidence whatever, and in some cases are so clearly contrary to fact that they can be understood only as intended to divert the attention of Americans from the real point at issue. Only the mind of a German militarist can tell why Herr von Jagow should think it apropos to say that the Lusitania was included in the British Admiralty Navy List as an auxiliary cruiser, the fact being that a vessel so classed does not become an auxiliary cruiser in fact until the Government takes her over and puts her under a naval commission, exactly as is the case with similar German ships.

It would be undiplomatic for our Government to characterize as arrogance the attempt of the German Foreign Office to point out to the American Government what American laws are. This is what the German Government did in saying—quite incorrectly, by the way—that the Lusitania violated American laws by carrying passengers on ships having explosives on board. If the German Government wished to make any inquiries on that subject, it might have done so without torpedoing the Lusitania and drowning women and babies; and if it had made inquiries on that subject it would have been instructed accurately. The German Government is in no position to convey instructions to America on this subject. The allegation that these hypothetical explosives really caused the sinking of the ship is trying to the patience. The highwayman who fires a revolver at his victim is not excused from murder even though it should be shown that the victim's death was caused not by the bullet directly but by some object which the bullet drove into a vital part.

As to the facts alleged concerning the Cushing, the Gulflight, and the Falaba, the German Government's statements are of no more value than those it makes concerning the Lusitania. It is no excuse for the German Government to plead "mistakes in identification." Attacks on a merchantman without search are indefensible whether the merchantman is belligerent or neutral, and are acts that can accurately be characterized as piratical. The pirate who attacks one

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

vessel mistakenly for another is no less a pirate. The criminal who breaks into and enters the wrong house, or who through mistaken identification kills the wrong person, is a criminal just the same.

It is hard to believe that Germany intends to trifle with our Government; but it is even harder to believe that the German Government expected Americans to regard its reply as relevant and responsive.

The issue which the American Government's protest raised was against the lawless and inhumane method of warfare followed by the German submarines.

In order that there may be no misunderstanding, we here quote two sentences from the President's protest. (The italics are ours.)

> This Government "assumes . . . that the Imperial Government accepts, as of course, the rule that the lives of non-combatants, whether they be of neutral citizenship *or citizens of one of the nations at war*, cannot lawfully or rightfully be put in jeopardy by the capture or destruction of an unarmed merchantman, and recognizes also, as all other nations do, *the obligation to take the usual precaution of visit and search* to ascertain whether a suspected merchantman is in fact of belligerent nationality or is in fact carrying contraband of war under a neutral flag. . . .
>
> "Expressions of regret and offers of reparation in case of the destruction of neutral ships sunk by mistake, while they may satisfy international obligations, if no loss of life results, cannot justify or excuse a practice the natural *and necessary* effect of which is to subject neutral nations and neutral persons to new and immeasurable risks."

Here is the issue plainly raised, and to that issue the German Government has not answered as yet one single word.

III—PUBLIC OPINION

THE AMERICAN NOTE

"WHEN a traffic officer signals vehicles to stop, that people on foot may cross the street, it is up to him to see that they are not killed in doing so," says the Boston "Herald," and continues:

> President Wilson's "strict accountability" note pledged the United States Government to the safe crossing of the Atlantic by any American citizen who embarked on the Lusitania.
>
> The Collector of the Port of New York, by his clearance papers, gave evidence that the ship complied with the terms of the President's note entitling its passengers to a full measure of security.

This "strict accountability" note of May 13 to the German Government concerning the Lusitania massacre was perhaps the most remarkable document so far put out by this Administration. The Honolulu "Star-Bulletin" thus described it:

> One great Power, addressing itself courteously to another great Power, absolutely declines to recognize as legitimate the system of submarine warfare which has been operative for nearly three months. The belligerent is held to "strict accountability" for infringements upon American rights.
>
> The American note demands that Germany abandon this submarine war on belligerent commerce, for the note declares this country cannot submit to a violation of "the rights of American shipmasters and citizens bound on lawful errands, whether under the protection of the American flag or as passengers on merchant ships of belligerent nationality. . . . Submarines cannot be used against merchant shipping without inevitable violation of the sacred principles of justice and humanity."

GERMAN PAPERS IN AMERICA

Newspaper comment on the German Government's reply to the American Government's note concerning the Lusitania massacre is of great interest and point, even although the overwhelming majority of criticisms are scathingly condemnatory.

As might be expected, however, the very small minority of non-condemnatory criticism is represented mostly by that portion of the American press published in the German language.

The Chicago "Illinois Staats-Zeitung" thus divides the issues in the controversy:

> First—American merchant ships (cases like the Cushing and the Gulflight) guilty of no hostile acts shall not be attacked. This assurance should be satisfactory, as it protects our legitimate and peaceful commerce.
>
> Second—Merchantmen sailing under the flag of an enemy of Germany (the Falaba) upon which American citizens are traveling shall be

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

halted and sufficient time allowed for all human beings to reach safety.

Third—Merchantmen sailing under the flag of Germany's enemy in waters which have been declared a war zone (cases like the Lusitania); upon such cases the German note evades a definite declaration of principle.

The well-known "New Yorker Herold" declares:

The request of the German Government to suspend judgment till the naval status of the Lusitania is determined is not incompatible with the supposition that Germany acts in entirely good faith.

The reply of the German Government shows conclusively that Germany is most anxious to live at peace with America. That she desires to be shown where she is in the wrong is but natural, and we think fair-minded men will concede that with the vessel being carried on the navy list as an auxiliary cruiser the presumption is strong that German submarine officers thought her armed and ready to offer resistance. Besides, after the Falaba was warned to stop she attempted to escape. Other British merchant vessels have sought to ram submarines.

While the Lusitania catastrophe has caused great sorrow here and is certainly much to be regretted, still an investigation may uncover sufficient material to clear Germany of the charges public indignation has hurled against her since the day of the destruction of the steamer.

The St. Louis "Westliche Post," another well-known exponent of the views of Germans in America, says:

The President has the right, after careful reflection, to dismiss the grounds submitted to him for a rehearing, . . . but first he must accord them his most respectful attention, and, before all things, must not regard it as an insult that a nation, striving for its very being, seeks to justify its methods of war. . . . We, as Americans, to whom the call of the Republic is sacred, expect toward Germany neither sympathy nor generosity, only justice.

AN EVASION

Practically every paper published in the English language in this country calls the German note evasive. Occasionally this is qualified, as, for instance, by the Tacoma "News," when it says: "From Germany's standpoint and from ours, if we were in the German shoes, the German note is a valid and strong document. From the standpoint of the neutral idealist the note is an evasion and misses the point." Or, for example, the Boston "Globe:" "A dignified reproach has been met, if with caution, certainly with dignity. Let it be ours to receive the reply in the same spirit." More bitingly, the Richmond "Journal" remarks:

After two weeks of preparation the German Government has succeeded in saying nothing in many words. The letter from that Government is not a reply to President Wilson's remonstrance and friendly warning, or a response.

It is a fairly polite and conciliatory evasion of all the issues presented and the questions asked. It is slightly defiant, and is offensive, inasmuch as it reasserts Germany's determination to be the judge of the propriety of her own actions and of the rights of other belligerents and of neutrals, regardless of the opinion of the rest of the world.

The city of St. Louis is supposed to be a German stronghold, and hence the comment of St. Louis papers, whether German or English, has been awaited with much interest. The well-known "Globe-Democrat" says:

Two things are indicated in the German note. One is a strong desire to retain the friendship of the United States, and the other is a determination to continue its submarine warfare to the bitter end, unless Britain can be induced or compelled to withdraw foodstuffs from the contraband list.

The suggestion that anything should be referred to The Hague in this welter of world war, when the very foundations of that tribunal have been mined, torpedoed, and shelled until there is nothing left but souvenirs of a beautiful idea, has something of the flavor of irony, but doubtless it is proposed in sober earnest. However that may be, the tenor of the note is a polite refusal to give present consideration to the chief demand by President Wilson.

That the answer will not be satisfactory to the United States goes without saying, nor is it at all probable that this Government will consent to a prolonged discussion of more or less irrelevant details while the submarines pursue their bloody war undeterred.

What was our Government's main demand? Says the Brooklyn "Eagle:"

What this country wants, and what it must insist upon, was set forth in the President's note. One thing at a time. It clamors for immediate settlement. Voices from the grave, voices of women and children, join in the demand. What has been done cannot be undone, but that there shall be no more of it, no more concern and distress and amazement, this country wants immediate assurance. Nobody wants to shut off debate. Everybody is willing that facts shall be discussed indefinitely, with a proviso, with a condition precedent. First call murder to a halt.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Cleveland "News" says:

Instead of the "just, prompt, and enlightened action" which President Wilson in his note of May 13 said the people of the United States expected, Germany has taken recourse to evasion, caviling, and procrastination. Reposing full trust in President Wilson and ready to support him to the utmost, Americans can only hope against hope that he will yet be able by peaceable means to show Germany how woefully mistaken she is if she thinks the United States unable or unwilling to defend the women and children of her own or other lands and uphold the cause of civilization.

The New York "Evening Sun" asserts of the note:

As an answer to the American protest it is offensive in everything save words. It deliberately ignores or misinterprets the entire position of our Government. It affronts the intelligence of our people by the puerility and irrelevance of its pretense of argument. It rejects or evades our demands. It virtually threatens the repetition of any and all of the offenses against our flag and our citizens which were the subject of our complaint. We are loth to think that it was intentionally framed to be provocative, but, granting it was not, it reflects scanty credit on the German Foreign Office for breadth of understanding or accurate information as to the spirit of the American people.

Another New York afternoon paper, the "Evening Post," concludes:

It would doubtless be too harsh to say of the German reply that it embodies deliberate falsehoods. But it does contain insinuated misrepresentations, unproved assertions, and attempts to wriggle away from the facts which make up a total positively disgraceful. . . . Germany had the opportunity to do the handsome thing, and she has done the thing infinitely mean. She might have argued like a jurist; instead, she quibbles like a pettifogger. On the main issue she has not a word to say. . . .

Does Germany mean to make a mock of the law of nations? Will she shut her ears to every cry of humanity? In her dealings with other nations does she intend to hold herself above the law? If so, she becomes in the act an outlaw nation. And with her, in that case, the United States will know how to deal.

From such considerations such papers as the Galveston "Tribune" exclaims: "The German note is such a palpable quibble that it is difficult to consider it with any degree of patience." And the South Bend, Indiana, "Tribune:" "To say the German reply to President Wilson's note is disappointing is to put the situation mildly. Disgusting would be a more appropriate word." More quietly the Springfield "Republican" remarks:

The contentious and quibbling spirit in which controversy is raised as to the facts in the case of the Lusitania is undeniably vexatious, and it is this feature that is to be especially deplored. We are bound, however, to concede that while some, if not all, of the contentions raised as to the facts seem mere pettifogging, the soundness of the principle must be acknowledged that the two Governments should exchange views on this point in order that they may not differ as to the exact nature of the tragic events under discussion.

The German Government may fairly be required to give definite assurances that during the period of the negotiations no more torpedo attacks on passenger ships which may be carrying American citizens will be permitted. This country cannot admit the right of Germany to continue to perpetrate Lusitania massacres while an official investigation into the first massacre is being spun out.

The German reply is not responsive to our demand, declares the New York "Times," and continues:

It does not promote that "clear and full understanding" as to a grave situation which President Wilson in his note declared to be desirable. It tends rather to becloud understanding, for it leaves us in doubt whether the German Government has been fully apprised of the deep feeling aroused among the people of the United States by the series of events which, in the President's words, have been observed "with growing concern, distress, and amazement." The manner in which Berlin receives our representations in regard to the sinking of the Lusitania cannot fail to create a most disagreeable impression in this country, which the note's outward form of courtesy will not remove. And the reference to the German proposal that we seek immunity from slaughter for our citizens and from destruction for our ships by pleading with England to abandon her blockade is so remote from a satisfactory response to the protest and the demand of our note as to engender the suspicion that the Imperial Government is temporizing with a situation too grave for such unworthy dalliance.

A REPLY, NOT AN ANSWER

The reply of the German Government to the American note is less a response than an invitation to debate, says the Chicago "Tribune." The document is in the nature of a *pourparler*, it asserts, and proceeds thus:

Even though, as Washington is confident, it can be shown that the Lusitania was not armed with guns or conveying soldiers, Germany has succeeded in raising points which, in considera-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tion of the very advanced position taken by our Government with respect to arbitration, especially by the present Administration, we should find some embarrassment in refusing to discuss and perhaps even referring to The Hague. It is uncomfortable to consider that pending our consideration of this phase of the German reply, and of any further discussion arising from the points urged therein, no modification of the submarine programme is conceded.

It is therefore desirable that Americans shall refrain from traveling in the war zone on ships of belligerents until this sharp difference of opinion is composed and some satisfactory basis of action agreed upon among the nations involved.

The "Tribune's" suggestion is not in accord with the spirited views of most American newspapers concerning the right of non-combatants on the high seas.

With regard to this matter, the Minneapolis "Journal" says:

The German note is not a reply to the American note, but a postscript to what Germany's reply should have been. . . .

Germany has nothing to say about the rights of American citizens to voyage on the high seas in safety, nothing to say about the established rule of international law as to non-combatants, even on enemy ships; nothing to say about the duties of a civilized belligerent toward neutrals.

And the Boston "Transcript:"

The German note is a response, not an answer. No one of President Wilson's demands is as much as discussed. Every point he made is ignored. Germany calls for the facts as if they did not stand out in letters of blood from the history of the times.

The one fact horribly patent is that the torpedoing of the Lusitania was not war, but massacre. Germany resembles the cuttlefish, in that it seeks to cloud the water in its defense.

WHAT WILL THE PRESIDENT DO?

A California paper, the Fresno "Republican," thus pronounces: "Germany's reply to President Wilson's note is most Oriental in its skillful procrastination. It is now for President Wilson to insist on a definite answer." And another Pacific Coast paper, the Seattle "Post-Intelligencer," says: "Politely but flatly does the Imperial Government justify its war policy. It disavows nothing. The 'sacred duty,' so clearly indicated a fortnight ago by President Wilson, now becomes all the more sacred and imperative." The Minneapolis "Journal" declares that "the future course of the United States is for President Wilson to determine. We believe he will act with decision." Similar confidence is displayed by journals whether in the West or in the East; for instance, by a Maine paper, the Augusta "Journal:"

Germany's reply convicts her of gambling with the friendship of half a dozen nations rather than chance the success of holding up and verifying her belief that the Lusitania was an armed ship. The next move is ours, but, in consideration of the admirable ground taken by President Wilson in the note of May 13, the people may in full confidence await the communication that is sure to issue promptly from Washington.

Says the Philadelphia "Telegraph:"

Germany must understand that it is not dealing with the President alone, but with all the people of the United States, for the President knows that he has the whole country with him in whatever he does to uphold the position he has assumed.

WAR?

"What redress will be demanded for the murder of our men, women, and children by the assassins who sunk the Lusitania will be determined later on," says the Brooklyn "Citizen," "and we may feel certain will be determined in no mistakable form. For the present the question is whether we are to obtain from Germany the assurance demanded for the future or are to be forced to the necessity of employing force."

The American people, affirms the Washington "Post," shrink with horror from the thought of going to war with Germany, on account of the long friendship existing between the two countries and the presence in this country of millions of Germans and their descendants who have become woven into the very texture of the Republic. "But it need not be denied that the failure of Germany's military Government to guarantee the safety of American lives at sea arouses keen apprehension of future happenings that may lead to war." To this the Hartford "Courant" adds:

We take it that no sober-minded citizen wants to see this country involved in war. . . . If there is any talk of fighting Germany, it comes from resentment and indignation, and not from serious consideration. Even the conservative journals of England say openly that they had rather have us neutral than fighting for them. . . .

Our way is to cease intercourse with or recognition of a nation that persists in the methods of war that change civilization to savagery. Our diplomatic relations might be severed, trade shut off vigilantly, and a state of non-intercourse established that would be a lesson in "peaceful warfare."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

IF IT COMES TO WAR

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE

EVERY one is thinking of what few dare mention: If it comes to war, what then?

Would we be prepared?

If not, what would we have to do to get ready, and how much time would this preparation require?

In the event of a war with Germany, would the German-Americans and the Germans living in this country be loyal to America, hostile to her, or neutral?

These questions have disturbed the peace of mind of Americans with increasing insistency. But, because of the half-formed popular superstition that to speak of trouble invites it, few men have spoken of these things directly or have faced the situation squarely.

The myth that in Washington and other cities concrete foundations have been built for German artillery has been perniciously active, and audacious gossip has even had it that in case of hostilities with the Kaiser's Government an army of two hundred and fifty thousand German-Americans from New York City and vicinity would hasten to seize the metropolis in the name of the Fatherland. To get for the readers of The Outlook the facts of these matters from the chaff of idle tittle-tattle that envelops them I recently talked with officers of our army, navy, and militia, and with several prominent Americans of foreign origin.

In regard to the possibility of danger from German-Americans and Germans here not yet naturalized, it was the unanimous opinion of the officers with whom I conversed that—

1. The talk of "concrete foundations" and of other preparations for invasion, and of organized resistance by Germans and German-Americans, is very malicious poppycock.

2. The German-Americans would be loyal to the last man.

3. At the most, trouble from the unnaturalized Germans would be confined to isolated riots and small disturbances which the police could handle.

"I would not think of questioning the loyalty of the German-Americans," said General John F. O'Ryan, who is at the head of the National Guard of New York State. "We have no better citizens than they. There are many of them in the militia of New York, and I would not hesitate to use them at any time against any enemy. In defending Germany against her critics they may have been driven into untenable positions by equally overzealous partisans of the Allies, but probably to them the Fatherland looks best when it is far away, as the saying is, and in the last analysis America is first with all of them."

Mr. Bernhard Ridder—a son of Mr. Herman Ridder, editor of the New York "Staats-Zeitung"—who assists his father in the management of that leading organ of German-American opinion, said that "in the deplorable event of war between Germany and America the position of German-Americans would be most painful. It would be analogous to the position of citizens of Kentucky and other Middle States in the American Civil War.

"There would undoubtedly be rioting on the part of unnaturalized Germans living in America," Mr. Ridder declared. "But," he added, "there is a great difference between the Germans here and the German-Americans.

"If an army were raised to help the Allies in Europe, German-Americans could not be expected to enlist, but I would like to point out that if the United States were invaded the German newspapers in America could, and would, raise a volunteer army of more than a million German-Americans between the ages of twenty-five and forty who have had military training in Germany. These men would fight as valiantly as the 186,000 Germans fought with the North in the Civil War. Thus America might be saved from invasion by adopted citizens trained under the very militaristic régime which Americans profess to despise."

I went to Mr. Charles Winter, the Austro-Hungarian First Vice-Consul at New York, with this suggestion of Mr. Ridder's, and asked him about the Americans of Austrian birth.

"I should estimate that there are over two hundred thousand Austro-Americans who have had military training," said Mr. Winter, "and who would fight as bravely as any other Americans to protect their adopted land from a foreign foe."

Mr. F. Romano, one of the editors of the "Bollettino della Sera," an Italian news-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

paper published in New York, said that the Italian-Americans could also offer an army of "several hundred thousand men" trained to the use of arms. Thus, including Americans who were born in Switzerland, the Scandinavian nations, and other European countries where military training is compulsory, in a crisis such as that which threatened this country in 1812, when our land was invaded and our Capitol burned by foreign soldiers, we could depend upon a volunteer army of at least two million men, none of whom would need much instruction with the rifle and bayonet. These men would all be ready to fight long before the native-born untrained Americans could be whipped into shape. But this brings us back to the general question of preparedness against war.

War to-morrow, next week, or next month would find the United States unprepared. We are not only too proud to fight, but we have been too proud and too stupid to anticipate and to prepare for the possibility of a fight being forced upon us. Space forbids going into many details and statistics to back up this contention, but there is ample proof of the truth of it in the following statements vouched for by all the army officers with whom I talked:

(1) For the defense of this country there are now within continental United States only ninety thousand widely scattered mobile troops, including militia.

(2) After the landing of an enemy at a point on one of our coasts thirty days would be required to concentrate these ninety thousand effectives against the hostile army.

(3) We could not provide the necessary field artillery, ammunition, and ammunition trains to equip an adequate army of defense for eighteen months after the landing of an enemy.

(4) We have no reserve to reinforce our slight army of regulars and militia.

(5) In case of invasion by a first-class Power we would need in regular and militia field forces, coastguard forces, volunteers, etc., about one million men. For nine-tenths of this force we have to-day practically no reserve of uniforms, tents, transportation equipment, and other military supplies, and absolutely no artillery. We should also find ourselves minus thirty thousand officers to lead the volunteers.

(6) The recent fleet maneuvers in the Atlantic proved that our navy is altogether unready in the matter of battle cruisers, fast scout cruisers, and submarines to meet the navy of one of the Great Powers.

So much for our unreadiness for war in the future with any first-class Power. Now as to any possible war under present circumstances.

If in the near future we are forced into the present world war, for several months we could do next to nothing. We might send our fleet to the Dardanelles, but it would not be a tremendous reinforcement to the Allies, for we have only eight first-line battle-ships, and by the end of this year England alone will have turned out thirteen of such vessels since the war began. We might begin to raise and train a volunteer army of five hundred thousand men to send to the trenches in France and Belgium, but at least six months would be required to train such a force, and then to transport them we should have to charter foreign ships or confiscate the German vessels in our ports. In short, it is an open question whether the Allies would welcome our participation as a belligerent as much as they welcome the munitions of war from a neutral nation.

But, although it is now late to prepare against immediate peril, it is not too late to prepare against the more distant test which every one who does not believe that this is the last war realizes that we will have to face some day. The time to buy hose is before the fire breaks out.

We should immediately take every means possible to bring our present available forces to the height of efficiency. The militia of many States, particularly of some Southern States, is notably deficient in cavalry and artillery. These deficiencies should be made up at once. One proposal is to put the entire twelve divisions of militia into camp for six months, to acquire hardening and discipline. By legislative action, it is urged, we should make up the deficiencies in our means of National defense which were enumerated in the six numbered paragraphs above. Last, but not least, while resolving to resort to force only in the last extremity, we should try to increase our knowledge of the dangers that may threaten us and to stiffen our resolution to meet them calmly but effectively if they arise.

GREGORY MASON.

New York City, June 2, 1915.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"A FACTORY OF HUMAN HELP"

THE OUTLOOK'S optimistic belief in the average American of to-day has recently been strengthened in a most gratifying way.

On April 14 we published an article entitled "The One-Armed Man Finds a Job." It described a remarkable enterprise which was being carried on for unemployed men—those whose need was most desperate—by employing them to make bandages for the use of the Red Cross among the suffering soldiers in the battlefields of Europe. This work was conducted under the inspiring leadership of the Rev. Herbert Shipman, rector of the Church of the Heavenly Rest, New York City.

The splendid worth-whileness of this undertaking appealed so strongly to the editors of The Outlook that they appended a note to Mrs. Denison's story asking their readers "to help keep this factory of human help going." The response has been so generous, so full of the new and broader spirit of co-operative Christianity, that The Outlook wants its readers to know what their constructive sympathy has accomplished. Within forty-eight hours after the publication of the issue containing the story "The One-Armed Man Finds a Job" nearly two thousand dollars had been received by Dr. Shipman from Outlook readers, and since then the amount has grown to four thousand three hundred dollars.

The contributions varied in amount from one dollar to five hundred. They came from all over the country—from Canada to Texas, from Montana to Florida, from nearly every State in the Union, and from the islands of the sea, Porto Rico and Hawaii. Some of the letters are written on crested paper, some are from the most luxurious hotels in the United States, and some come from tiny, out-of-the-way villages, from mining camps, and from the tenement districts of our large cities.

So many of the contributions were anonymous that both Dr. Shipman and The Outlook are glad to take this way of acknowledging them and of thanking the donors. Some were signed "A Friend;" others merely said, "For your splendid work for the unemployed," or "With my prayers for your beautiful work," or "A Friend of the Unemployed."

A school-teacher wrote that she was sending her contribution "with thankfulness that I have a 'job' myself that I love," and another said of herself, "I am a superannuated teacher retired without pay. I am sending five dollars to help a little, possibly to get some other 'one-armed man' a job." One of the many beautiful letters received was, in part, as follows: "I am a stranger to you, but we are both serving the same Master, therefore I can call you 'friend.' I have read the article in The Outlook, and my heart goes out in sympathy to those poor people you are helping. I wonder that any one in this country who reads of the suffering here and abroad can spend one cent on themselves which is not necessary. I fairly boil when I think of it! When I tell you that I am nearly eighty-seven years of age, you may think that I might cease being roused in that way. But I never shall. Please find inclosed five dollars for your work. I wish I could multiply it by a thousand."

One contributor said, "For the furtherance of practical Christianity, the basic principle of the Golden Rule, for the uplift of humanity and a long-continued pursuance of your method, I am yours very heartily." It is, of course, impossible to quote even a hundredth of the beautiful messages and prayers these letters carried, but in order that "Michael Brown," the one-armed man whose picture illustrated the article, may receive the credit due him, we quote the following: "The sight of that cheery face in The Outlook for April 14 and Mrs. Denison's story of what you are doing have touched me. Please accept the inclosed check and heartfelt wishes for even greater usefulness in a work which is permeated by the spirit of the Master."

The four thousand three hundred dollars contributed in response to this appeal kept the workroom open and gave a daily job to over two hundred men for three full weeks. At the end of this time Dr. Shipman decided to spend the remainder, something more than a thousand dollars, in providing work for the old men and the cripples, those poor unfortunates who would have practically no chance of getting regular positions if thrown out on the world again. Forty-two of these most deserving men are now being employed in a workroom under the auspices of the church and under the guidance of Dr. Shipman. This workroom is located at 416 Lafayette Street, New York City. These poor old men will be provided with work as long as the thousand dollars lasts.

Part of the money contributed has been

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

used in getting regular jobs for the men who had to leave when the workroom closed. Special arrangements have been made with ten of the leading employment agencies in the city, and fees are paid to them for their services. Since this work began over two hundred men have been placed by Dr. Shipman and his associates in good positions. Every reader of The Outlook whose generous impulses found definite expression can feel that his gift, no matter how small, has been wisely used to help a fellow-creature help himself.

THE BACH FESTIVAL

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE

THE fourth Bach Festival at Lehigh University took place May 27 and 28. Discontinued in Bethlehem, across the river, when Mr. Wolle went to California to take charge of the music at the University of California, the annual Bach Festival, which was instituted in 1900, was revived at Lehigh on his return, thanks to the musical enterprise of Dr. H. S. Drinker, the President of the University, and Mr. Charles M. Schwab, of its Board of Trustees.

One who remembers the service in the old Moravian Meeting-House misses a little the antique flavor of that spot and its historical associations; but everything that can be done is done to preserve the distinctive religious character of what is a service, not a concert.

It is held in a church, though a modern Episcopal church. The trombone quartette in the tower summons the congregation. The people rise and join, more or less, in the singing of the chorales, the music of which is distributed freely through the house. There is no applause. Musically, the festival is improved by the change. The chorus is doubled. The orchestra brought from Philadelphia is one of professional musicians. Rehearsals throughout the year have rendered the chorus as nearly perfect as it is given to a body of some two hundred singers to be. The old leader is there; and Mr. Wolle is an enthusiastic lover of Bach, and only a lover of Bach, pervaded by his religious spirit as well as inspired by his musical genius, can adequately interpret Bach. The solos were given in the same spirit. Mr. Douty especially rendered the recitative of the Evangelist with an emotional feeling which gave to Bach's music the great master's spiritual meaning.

This is the first time, I believe, that the St. John's Passion music has been given at these festivals. Bach expected the impossible from his singers, and Mr. Wolle got it from them. A singer at my side, who joined with others in the chorale and followed the music throughout, reading it from the printed page, remarked that, compared with the St. John's Passion music, Wagner's was a Sunday-school melody. It is not unreasonable to hope that Bethlehem will come to be recognized in America as a Bach monument, as Bayreuth is a monument to Wagner in Germany. It was reported that representatives from seventeen States were in the congregation, and they included some men, musicians and others, of National reputation. The church was crowded throughout to its utmost capacity.

One interesting incident not in the prearranged programme illustrated the spirit of good will which characterizes American democracy. Bethlehem is the seat both of a university and of what I suppose to be the greatest steel works in the world. They extend two miles and a half along the railway track. This creates in the community the extremes of "gown" and "town." At the same time that Bach's Festival was being given in the church "Washburn's Mighty Midway Show" was scheduled to be given for the benefit of a local society, and it had pitched its tents just outside the college grounds. The beating of its big drum, the blare of its mechanical orchestra, and the blast of its calliope would have mingled with the Bach choruses and made the solos inaudible. Dr. Drinker arranged a meeting of town authorities, representatives of the local society, managers of the Show, and a committee of the Bach Festival, and as the result of the friendly conference the Show stopped all its out-of-door music while the Festival was in progress, both afternoon and evening. The contrast between the Show and the Bach within sight and sound of each other was interesting; the courtesy of the managers of the Show was a delightful illustration of American neighborliness.

LYMAN ABBOTT.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ON THE TRAIL OF PROGRESS AND REACTION IN THE WEST

BY FREDERICK M. DAVENPORT

SIXTH ARTICLE

THE NATIONAL VALUE OF BILLY SUNDAY

IN the West I came several times upon the trail of Billy Sunday. Sunday is from Iowa, as is Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt, the brilliant woman suffrage leader, so that Iowa, being also now a powerful center of prohibition, is quite heavily responsible for at least three new National issues. Just at noon one day when I was in the Capitol building at Des Moines there came rolling up the stairway a volume of religious song from what was evidently a large chorus of vigorous voices on the first floor. My only prolonged incarceration in a State Capitol had been at Albany. And what I heard was a new experience to me in such surroundings. I found, upon inquiry and investigation, that there was a large noon meeting of officials and department employees going on several weeks after Billy Sunday had been in town. I learned that high officials of the State Government were the heads of trail-hitting bands who at week-ends were going all over the State of Iowa to carry to the uttermost limits the message of practical religion which Sunday had brought to Des Moines. I talked with the Mayor and with all sorts of people who would know, and there is no question that Sunday had profoundly stirred the whole community. Cautious observers informed me that, among other important influences, his meetings had quickly ripened the prohibition issue, and that Des Moines would soon be dry. Away back in 1883 Iowa adopted a prohibition amendment to her Constitution, but it was annulled by the courts. Then the Legislature attempted to establish prohibition by statute, but public opinion was not ready for it, and the law was poorly enforced. The so-called Mulct measure was passed, destroying the effect of the statute by permitting any county to violate it which could secure the names of sixty-five per cent of the voters on a petition. The ease and evils of the petition are notorious, and the original provision of the Constitution has had to wait the development of a slowly educated public sentiment. Sunday seems to have arrived about the time the hour was due to strike. Anyway, soon after he left, the courts scrutinized the new petitions for Des Moines with rigid severity, and the members of the Legislature seemed to be in touch with a public opinion at home which was established and invincible. Only a few weeks after I was in Iowa the prophecies of my friends in Des Moines were fulfilled, Des Moines and the Legislature going dry together, the latter repealing the Mulct Law by an overwhelming majority.

In Colorado also I found evidence of a more intimate influence of Sunday and his message upon certain powerful business personages than he himself knows or than I am at liberty to relate. Sunday was in that State while the fight was pending last summer over the Governorship and prohibition. The effect of his meetings upon both of these issues was perhaps determining. The Sunday meetings were held in Colorado Springs and Denver. In these two communities a comparison of the vote last fall upon prohibition with the previous vote in these cities upon the same issue indicates that the fight was really won there.

Some influential and loyal friend ought to tell Sunday to stop his attacks upon the Unitarians. This phase of his preaching is viciously un-American, and it mars a movement which is really coming to be a National influence for better living and for self-control. I am impelled to say this on account of an untoward incident in Colorado. When the Sunday movement struck one or two points in the northeastern part of the State, it took the form of driving the Unitarians out of town. It is too late for any modern Roger Williams experience with the narrow side of the New England conscience. There is wrong enough in the world to attack without hitting at that splendid group of highly intelligent and earnest people called Unitarians because they hold a religious psychology and philosophy which in all probability Sunday does not understand.

Fargo, North Dakota, had frontier civic conditions for a great many years. Probably no city that Sunday ever worked in fought

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

him harder or presented more difficult problems. Fargo had its corrupt political machine, its devil's half-acre of vice, and everything that goes with these evils. Immediately after Sunday's visit there came the overthrow of the gang and the establishment of the commission form of government, with men at the front who were honest and earnest, even though not of large capacity. With the help of a red-light abatement act which penalizes the property and its owner rather than the woman, there were in one year seventy-three pieces of real estate padlocked by the government and without income—empty, unremunerative monuments of the method by which the West is striking at commercialized prostitution. There is no gainsaying Sunday's influence upon community life, upon the family, and upon sobriety.

If Sunday's life and labor even up to date were examined critically from the standpoint of his social value, I am inclined to think, from these and many other fragments of evidence that have come to me, that the conclusions would confound his foes as well as his honest opponents. We must remember that this is not the America of the evangelist Moody's day. During the last generation rapid changes in social and industrial conditions, and particularly the tremendous influx of millions of immigrants from the backward races of Europe, have had the effect of altering in a very considerable degree the type of mind of the American people. In some parts of the country there is a great new generation of the children of the foreign-born just coming towards American citizenship, just gaining a knowledge of the English language, and beginning to get into sympathy with American ideals. One night a year or two ago I happened to sit with the newspaper men in front of the platform in Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania, while many scores were "hitting the trail" at the close of Sunday's appeal. And I was startled to observe in the faces of the young men who were crowding to the front the physiognomy of, it seemed to me, pretty nearly every country in western Europe. It was the first generation of the children of the foreign-born, with minds just opening to the language and the ideals of the new country, entering upon the process of religious Americanization. I do not think they would have understood Moody—or President Hibben. But they understood Sunday.

Entirely aside from that great and important element of the recent immigrant in our population to which I have just referred, the average American of the present day of nearly every economic or social stratum has very little use for toploftiness or mere dignity or diluted sweetness and light or mealy-mouthedness. He wants his religion, just as he wants his baseball, human, vital, efficient, on the square; a player called out on first when he is out; the theory and the rules of the game intelligible enough so that he can comprehend them—a part of his actual life right here and now. The simple moralities and realities in both their temporal and their abiding aspect awaken a tremendous response within him if they come to him in his own vernacular and on his own level from somebody whom he believes to be absolutely genuine.

It is from this angle, I take it, that the judgment of Sunday should begin. We have probably never had a religious evangelist in this country who came so powerfully close to the heart and mind and conscience of the man in the street as Sunday. As a consequence, locomotive engineers, commercial travelers, fraternal organizations—the great human groups of husky Americans—are devoted to him wherever he goes. Eight thousand Pennsylvania employees marched to one of his meetings in Philadelphia and presented Mrs. Sunday and himself with a huge mahogany chest of one hundred and sixty-six pieces of silver. Goodness only knows what they will ever do with it, as well as with many other of their gifts! But it comes out of the heart and the good will of masses of men who have never before been profoundly impressed with what religion means. And religion means to Billy just what it means to them when they come to think about it—paying their debts, "cutting out the booze," being faithful to their homes and their families, joining in a co-operative way to put anything over for the good of the community that comes along, standing by each other, making of themselves more efficient workers by keeping body and mind in tune—and Billy and ex-pugilist Jack Cardiff together set them an example by physical discipline in diet and regimen that rivals the system of the Harvard football squad. A man who twenty-four years after he left the diamond can bat out a homer on St. Patrick's Day at the grounds of the Athletics in Philadelphia and run the bases in sixteen seconds

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

—one hundred and twenty yards with three turns—after eleven such strenuous weeks as he passed in the Quaker City is quite likely to be physically and morally healthy and mighty attractive to the baseball democracy who make up the bulk of the American people.

It is from the point of view of this average American mind of the early years of the twentieth century, not yet by any manner of means affected by the higher university education, that Sunday's mass-meeting English is, I think, to be interpreted. His language is not vulgar; it is coarse and crude and bizarre, if you insist. He is a genius in the evolution of slang. I had always accepted the current literary opinion of slang as evidence of a paucity of ideas and feeble powers of expression until Sunday revealed the possibilities of it as an intellectual recreation! But it reaches his hearers just as the broad newspaper headline, the cartoon, and the colored ink reach the readers for whom they were invented.

His familiarity with the Deity is very shocking to some persons. I admit that it is very unusual. Some of his stern religious critics might recall that in the simple days of the Old Testament God was so close to the primitive monotheist that he felt he could put out his finger and touch the Deity. It was God who snowed; it was God who thundered; it was God who lightened. I advance it only as an hypothesis, but it may be that God has got away so far from some modern religionists that they do not understand the childlike simplicity and familiarity of Billy. This is at least a more plausible hypothesis than some I read, when all the facts about this plain and remarkable democratic religionist are passed in review.

Some of Sunday's descriptions of sex relations seem almost immoral to Dean West. But the Dean must remember that the great multitude whom Sunday addresses commonly think and talk of sex relations in the terms of Sunday's speech. And the test of it is, not the form of it, but the effect of it. And one of the most certain results of the Sunday movement, everywhere observable, is purity and an increased respect for the sanctities of the home and the family. All marks of the so-called vulgarities of democracy are distressing to some minds. My recollection is that even Woodrow Wilson's democratic ideas, while Mr. Wilson was President of Princeton, were somewhat shocking to Dean West. There is a class language as well as a class feeling and a class church. Sunday is a democrat in religion, and none of these things move him.

It is charged that Sunday has revived the crude and irrational fear that largely passed out of evangelist theology with Edwards and Finney, and that the thousands who "hit the trail" are driven on by the dread of everlasting punishment and consuming fires. If this were true, the social injury of it all might be profound. My rather close observation of the Sunday movement in the East as well as the West leads me to think that it is not true. The old literal nightmare of horror, with its crushing weight upon human life and happiness, is largely gone from public religious thinking. The archaic imagery which Sunday employs, and in the substance of which he believes, undoubtedly has a pictorial definiteness and certainty that is powerful and compelling. But it is not the physical flames of hell or the picture of a relentless God which produces the effect. It is the flame of wrong-doing and of shortcoming in his own nature, and what it leads to for himself and his family and the community, that gets the man under Sunday's preaching. The hell that consumes him is inside of him. And the after effects of the appeal arouse the nobler instincts to do right, to be a man, to live on the square, to be true to a mother's memory, to love wife and children, and to fight the devil. Now the devil is very personal to Billy. So he is to almost every man in his senses who takes a long look into the mirror.

The danger to masses of men because of overwrought emotion and delusion and excess of fanaticism is very slight with Sunday. He is the religious evangelist of the as yet crude but earnest and vital democracy of America at the beginning of the twentieth century. Sunday really understands what a simple and intense Nation we are, after all, underneath. We are still in that religious and political stage of development where a man who "puts the cookies on the lower shelf" wins the heart and directs the will. The tremendous overmastering energy of the man, the very violence of his vitality, is American. And then he makes the impression upon vast audiences, and upon those who meet him casually in private, and upon his intimates, of human, simple, genuine personal character. The family, the home, the workshop, the trade union, the lodge, the city, the State, are more precious to tens of thousands of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

men in a community after Sunday leaves it. These are the simplicities of democracy, but they have enormous social value.

Sunday does not succeed in building any New Jerusalems overnight, and Scranton, Pennsylvania, is undoubtedly still far from the ultimate condition of heavenly citizenship; but the rather crass and materialistic and conglomerate population of that anthracite mining municipality was strangely jarred on its way towards perfection by the volcanic power of the Sunday movement. Seventeen thousand people "hit the trail," sixty per cent of them men. At the final mass-meeting of ten thousand men, between five and six thousand acknowledged that they had quit the drink habit since Sunday came to town. There was one section of Scranton called Patagonia. It was the end of the earth and the end of the road in that community, with many more than its due proportion of saloons and tough resorts. There good human stuff, particularly of the Welsh stock, was in process of physical, mental, and moral degeneration. There were a lot of young toughs who had got into the habit of working just enough to get something to eat and plenty to drink. They did everything but kill a man. The light broke on a few of the leaders who went around to Sunday's tabernacle out of curiosity, and something like a hundred and fifty of the young men of Patagonia "hit the trail." They got steady employment, "cut out the booze," and became sober and law-abiding. A number of saloons in the locality went out of business soon after the crowd "hit the trail." Trail-hitting bands from Patagonia have got as far away from home as Philadelphia to tell the story of what happened to them at the end of the earth and near the end of the road. The Collector of Internal Revenue for the Scranton district reports for the first six months of the calendar year following Sunday's advent into Scranton an apparent falling off in consumption of seventeen thousand gallons of whisky and twenty-five thousand barrels of beer—which certainly is some liquid refreshment!

One afternoon during the last week of Sunday's stay there was an industrial parade which Scranton will not soon forget. Many thousands of young men and old—no one of them under sixteen years of age—three hours passing the reviewing stand, marched in procession as a tribute to the spirit of industrial brotherhood and industrial efficiency created by the Sunday meetings and teaching. There was in the line a platoon of three hundred from the banking institutions of the Scranton district. Practically all the social groups of the locality furnished their quota. And at about half-past three o'clock, out of the bowels of the earth, with the full approval and sympathy of the operators, came hundreds of sooty-faced miners, their lamps in their hats, many of them mounted on mine mules which had not been up into the sunlight for years, and these swung into the procession amid the plaudits of the great holiday crowds. The executives of the Lackawanna shops and of other large corporations were very frank, at least immediately following the revival, about testifying to the enormous efficiency value of Sunday's teaching to the men. Of course Scranton cannot maintain that vision of civic efficiency and civic unity—nor can any other city, human nature being what it is; but who cares to take the position that it was not immensely worth while as a beginning of the long upward march?

At the commencement of the campaign in Philadelphia the "Ledger" of that city called upon Sunday to denounce unsparingly certain powerful corporate gentlemen of wealth who have shown themselves to be conspicuously lacking in civic conscience, but who were conspicuous backers of the Sunday cause. Sunday declined to attack publicly any such group, and chose to go quietly around this rock in his road. Elizabeth Gurley Flynn would probably regard this as clear evidence that Sunday is a tool of the corporations. I think he was wise. He might have flayed the real estate interests, which were just then being charged publicly with seeking to defeat the enforcement of the housing and sanitary laws of the State. He might have struck hard at the rapid transit machine, which was just then under suspicion of trying to muddle the transportation development in Philadelphia. But it would have done more harm than good. The questions involved are too intricate for a man of Sunday's training. There could be nothing about his appeal on such issues which would have in it the simplicity and directness and understanding which characterize his compelling invective against the distiller, the brewer, and the saloon-keeper. The one issue Sunday thoroughly understands, the other and deeper issue he would not understand. But, entirely aside from this view-point, it would be bad mass-psychology

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to introduce generally into religious meetings the distracting and confusing economic issues which, although profoundly moral, to the average mind have as yet more of a passionate than an ethical significance. The simple saloon issue will strike fire, fuse the mass-mind, and add heavily to the volume of moral and religious feeling and social intention. The other issues are by no means as well fitted for that definite purpose. I think Sunday instinctively feels that.

Sunday is still in his prime. Why not give him genuine encouragement and steer him towards organized permanency? His father went away to the great war in '61 and never came back. And Billy grew part way up as an orphan in the Soldiers' Home out in Iowa. He has always made good, even if he is narrow on the Unitarians and evolution and some other matters. He was one of the best men on the diamond that the country ever saw. And he is the most efficient evangelist of the plain man that we have ever had in the United States. His father was willing to die for a country with a conscience and a deep sense of brotherhood. The son is willing to wear himself out in the same great cause. Let the higher revival critics give him a chance!

THE PEOPLE VS. ALCOHOL

BY LEWIS EDWIN THEISS

IF you would know something of the men who are enlisting for the people's new war against alcohol—a war in which indifference has been succeeded by anger and determination—read the newspapers and note the line-up. Here is industry, or rather capital, in the van, with labor close behind. Here are physicians, lawyers, athletes, politicians, churchmen, fraternity members, and even convicts, in the swelling ranks, with journalists and educators out in front as scouts. Never have we seen such an army in this land before.

Let us see what these different divisions are doing. In an article published in The Outlook some months ago the attitude of certain employers of labor toward alcohol was set forth. The Pennsylvania Railroad, the Cambria Steel Company, the Lukens Iron Works, the American Car and Foundry Company, the American Sheet and Tinplate Company, all great employers of labor, were named as organizations that had put alcohol under the ban. Since that article was published, in August of 1914, the Pennsylvania Railroad has decided to stop the sale of liquor in all property owned by it, including the great stations in Philadelphia and New York. The American Car and Foundry Company has gone a step further and discharged employees who signed liquor dealers' applications for saloon licenses. The Midvale Steel Company, the G. W. Blabon Company, the Link Belt Company (three great concerns near Philadelphia), the Florence Iron Company, of Florence, New Jersey, the Cornplanters Refining Company, of Warren, Pennsylvania, the Lee Tire Company, of Conshohocken, Pennsylvania, and other corporations, have ordered their men to stop drinking, while the Delaware, Lackawanna, and Western Coal Company has notified its foremen, fire bosses, driver bosses, and other foremen that any one of them who violates the company's rule against entering a saloon does so at the risk of losing his job. The Hillside Coal and Iron Company has posted a similar notice.

In the former article nothing whatever was said about labor's putting "booze" under the ban. Labor hadn't done much in that direction at that time. But see what has happened since that article was published. I quote from the daily press. "Harrisburg Typographical Union No. 14 has decided that no money can be expended from the local treasury for intoxicating liquors at any dinner or other entertainment which the union may hold in future." Take note that these men are refusing to drink, not during working hours when their jobs might thereby be jeoparded, but at times of jollification and in the privacy of their own social events. That means that those men are done with booze.

From a Philadelphia newspaper I clip the following: "While committees of representative business and professional men visited

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the homes of Philadelphia's forty-one members of the House of Representatives yesterday, to line them up for Governor Brumbaugh's Local Option Bill, a petition was signed by three thousand workers, most of them employees in Frankford and Kensington mills, asking the Legislature to pass the Local Option Bill."

From Secretary Samuel Wilson, of the New Jersey Anti-Saloon League, comes this statement: "I have not direct information from the view-point of the employees, but I do know there is a great change in New Jersey in the attitude of organized labor toward the saloon. In former years the saloon interests have been able to secure the passage of resolutions in State Federation meetings against local option and prohibition. At the last meeting the man who attempted to have such resolutions passed was ruled off the floor. Furthermore, at a meeting of the Perth Amboy Trades Council a resolution was passed requesting Assemblyman Quinn to work for local option."

Let me quote further from Mr. Wilson's letter: "A Pennsylvania Railroad engineer informed me that the company's orders against the use of intoxicants had made wonderful changes. He said that under the old régime the saloons in the neighborhoods of the roundhouses and shops in Camden were crowded with railway employees. Now the barkeepers and proprietors are frequently seen alone in their saloons and the business is being starved out. In addition he stated that the influence of the Billy Sunday meetings had been very pronounced among railroad men, and men who had formerly been habitués of saloons can now frequently be seen reading their Bibles in their spare time. From another source I learned that in the New York Ship-Yards, at Camden, religious services which were started a number of weeks ago, during the noon hour, to be conducted weekly, had so grown in interest that they are now conducted daily, with hundreds in attendance, and men were very frequently seen upon their knees on the asphalt floor. Many of these men had formerly been hard drinkers."

A similar story of good will in industry caused by the new order of things comes from Milton, Pennsylvania, where are located three large industrial plants—the Milton Manufacturing Company, S. J. Shimer & Sons, and the American Car and Foundry Company. In all three plants booze is under the ban. Now comes this news story. Contrary to the result expected of such edict (prohibition of drinking), the workmen do not consider the order an encroachment on their personal liberties, and have joined heartily in the observance of the rule." Also this, from Mr. Shimer, head of one of these companies: "Most of our workmen have congratulated us upon the step we have taken. In the stamping out of this great menace we have the co-operation of our employees."

Co-operation—that is the keynote of this new move in industry; a move that has as its first object the absolute destruction of alcohol. Listen to this despatch: "Following the distribution of a series of slips in pay envelopes relating to temperance, the employees of the Bessemer and Lake Erie Railroad Company, a subsidiary of the United States Steel Corporation, are signing applications for membership in the Water-Wagon Club. The applications are in the form of petitions, and, if sufficient signers are obtained, it is proposed to form a permanent organization and establish club-rooms in Albion, Greenville, and Butler. The signers pledge themselves to permanent abstinence. It is optional with the employees whether they sign or not. It is said that the applications are being freely signed. The organization of the club is in the hands of the trainmaster, E. B. Hewitt, and a special effort is being made to interest the trainmen."

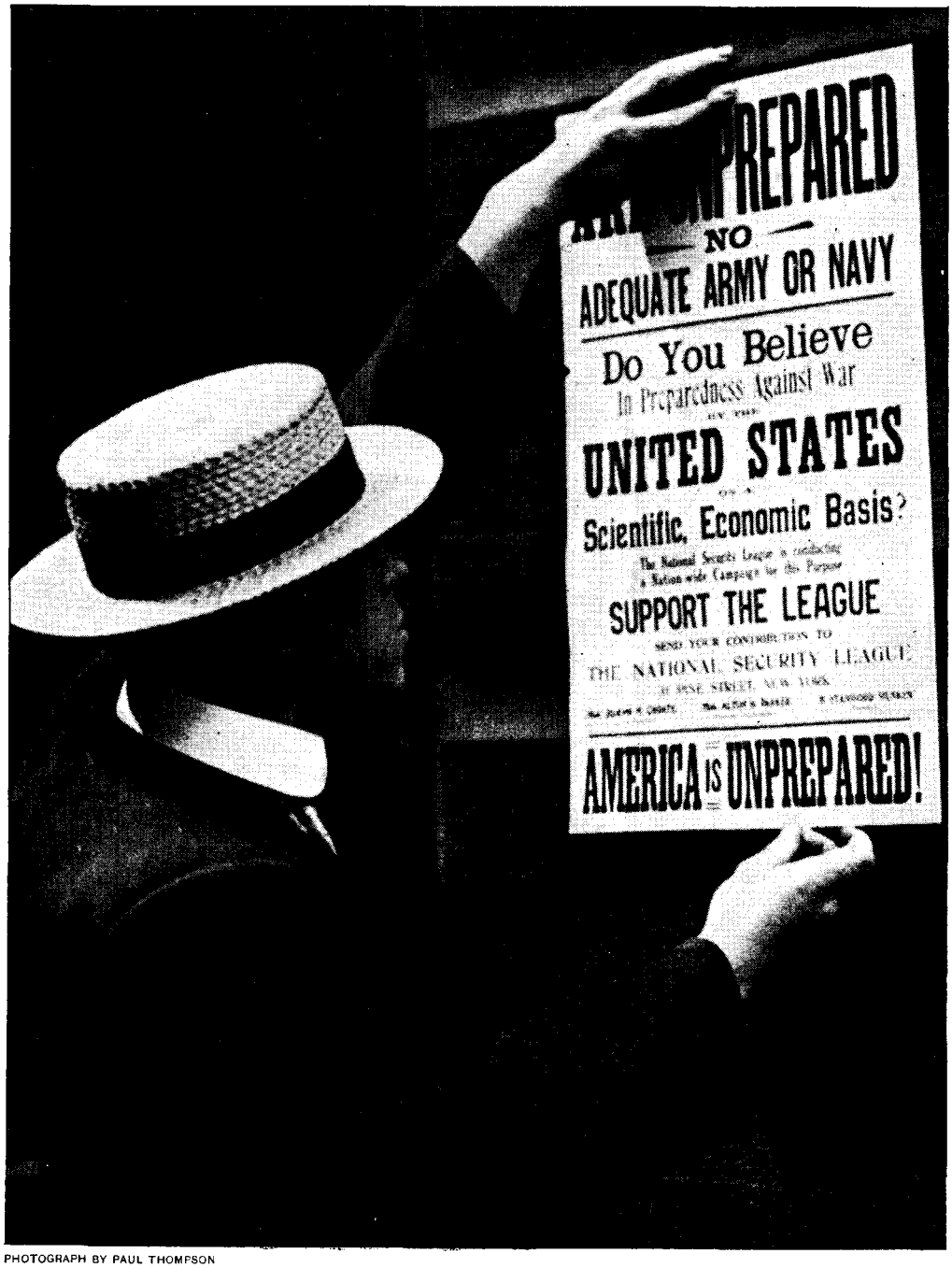
Of interest along this same line is this further despatch from Pittsburgh: "An appeal to its thousands of employees to lead a moral life has been made by the Carnegie Steel Company as a part of a 'safety first' campaign. Pamphlets distributed by the company show how much longer a man lives who lives 'right' than one who dissipates, and tell of the better school work done by the children of the workman who leads a clean life compared with one who does not, and how much less liable the workman is to accident because of his being careful."

Perhaps it is only to be expected, in view of the changes in industry, that workmen should become soldiers under the banner of prohibition. But surely when the doctors come forward as volunteers under this banner it is time to open our eyes. From West Chester, Pennsylvania, comes the news of a remonstrance to the license court signed jointly by all the allopathic and homeopathic physicians in the town. The remonstrance

(Continued on page following illustrations)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Current Events Pictorially Treated



PHOTOGRAPH BY PAUL THOMPSON

AMERICA AWAKENS TO ITS DUTY OF PREPARING FOR DEFENSE

The work of the National Security League has received a strong impetus through the international complications resulting from the destruction of the Lusitania, the Falaba, and the Gulflight. The picture shows a placard that was used to arrest public attention at a recent outdoor meeting of the League in New York City. The placard bears the names of Joseph H. Choate, Alton B. Parker, and S. Stanwood Menken

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PHOTOGRAPH BY G. V. BUCK

A COMMISSION FROM THE REPUBLIC OF CHINA THAT IS STUDYING AMERICAN METHODS

This Commission has been visiting Washington and is to tour the country to study financial, commercial, agricultural, industrial, and educational methods, as well as to foster friendly relations and promote trade between the great Republics of the Far East and the West. The Commission's President, Cheng-hsun Chang, is the third figure from the right, in the front row; Mr. Bryan stands next to him, while the Vice President of the Commission, Chi-cheh Nieh, is next to Mr. Bryan, to the left; David Z. T. Tui, the Commission's Honor Secretary es the seco e in the front row, on the right hand side of the picture

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

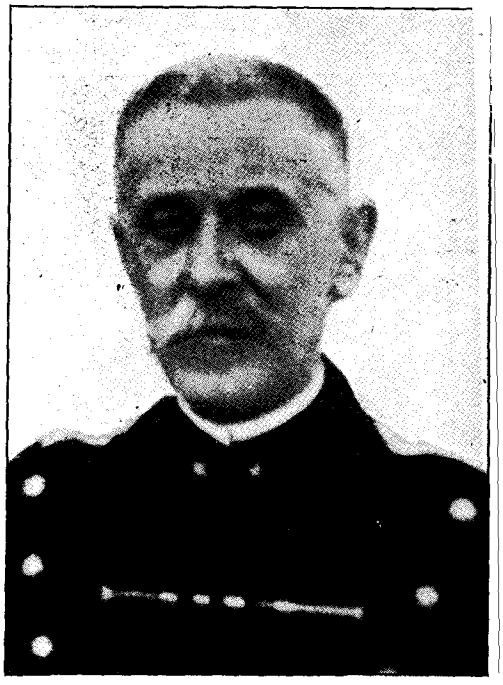
PHOTOGRAPH BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD

DEDICATING A CHAPEL OF TRINITY CHURCH, NEW YORK

The picture shows part of the ceremonies at the consecration of the Intercession Chapel of Trinity Church, at 155th Street and Broadway. Intercession Chapel was formerly Intercession Parish, but is now part of Trinity Parish. The parish church stood three blocks above. When the Rev. Dr. Gates came to it from Massachusetts, in 1904, it had 250 communicants and a $40,000 debt. The new chapel has about 2,500 communicants and cost $600,000; it is free from debt. The architect, Mr. Bertram G. Goodhue, has made a beautiful and convenient home for the Chapel's growing congregation

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GENERAL CANEVA
Commander-in-Chief of the Army



GENERAL ZUPELLI
Minister of War

DUKE OF THE ABRUZZI
Commander of the Second Squadron of the Navy

SIGNOR VIALE
Minister of the Navy

LEADERS IN ITALY'S WAR AGAINST AUSTRIA

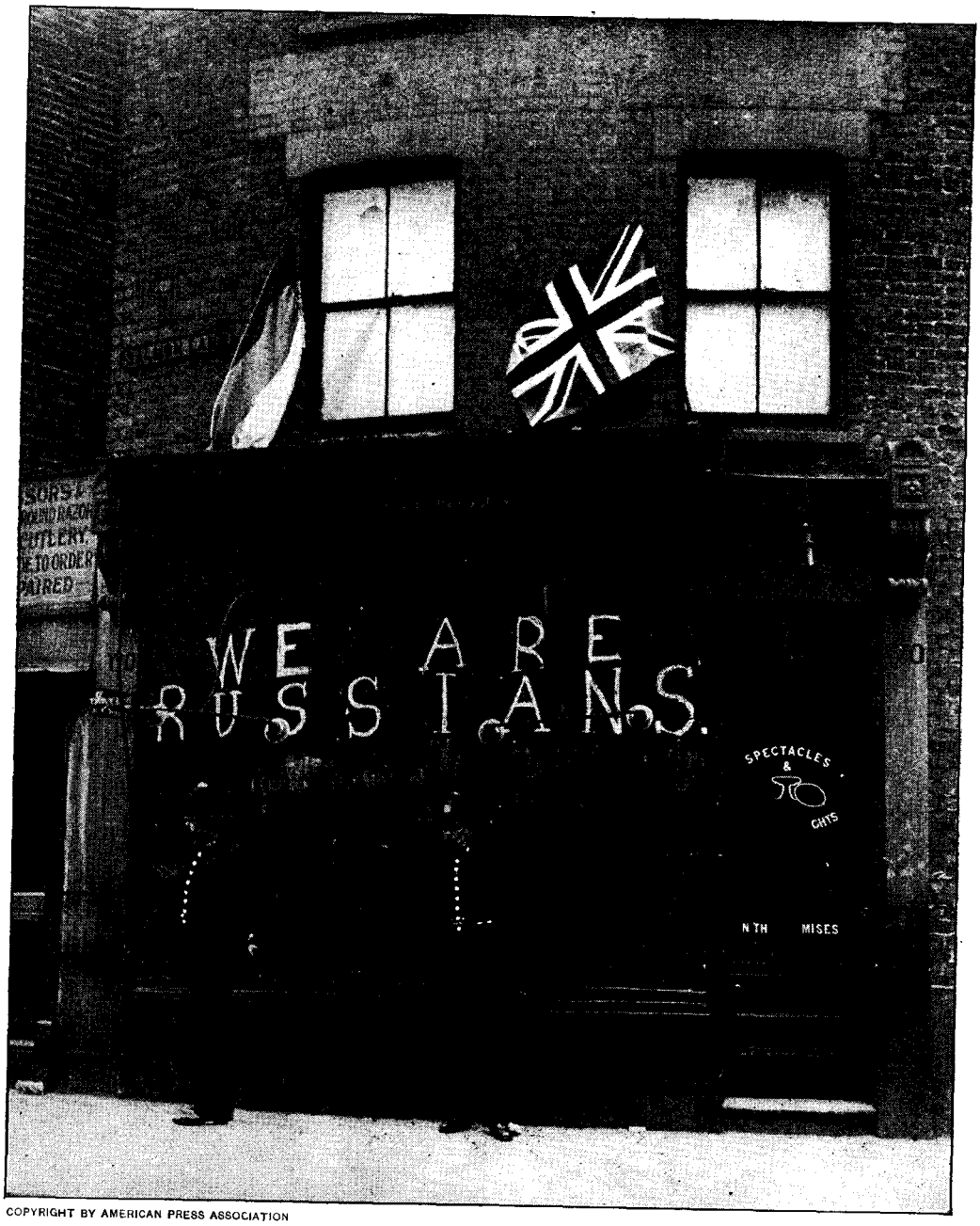
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PHOTOGRAPH FROM G. G. BAIN

AN ITALIAN CITY IN AUSTRIA—TRIESTE

The marked resemblance to Venice which will be noted in the above picture is "honestly come by," for Trieste is only 73 miles from Venice and was long under the influence of the more famous city, having been, indeed, once a possession of Venice. The rivalry for the trade of the Adriatic, however, has resulted in the triumph of Trieste, which as the principal seaport of the Austrian Empire has attained great importance of recent years. Three-fourths of its population are Italians

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



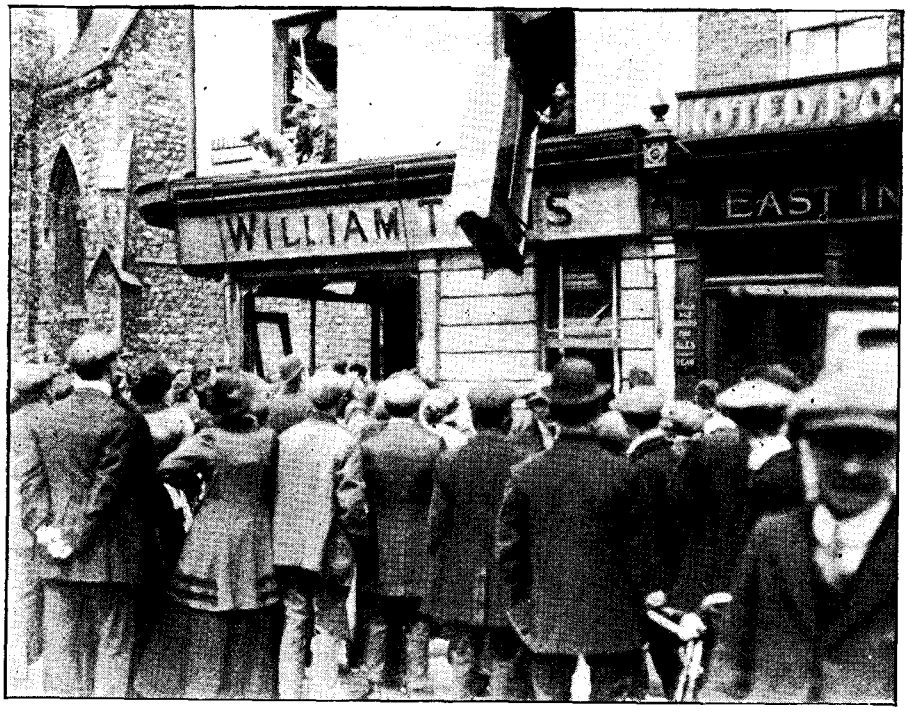
COPYRIGHT BY AMERICAN PRESS ASSOCIATION

A SHOP PROTECTED BY AN APPEALING PLACARD, AS WELL AS BY THE POLICE, AFTER AN ATTACK BY THE MOB

THE ANTI-GERMAN RIOTS

All right-thinking Americans will share the regret of all right-thinking Englishmen that the war Germans living among them. These demonstrations followed the destruction of the though it was in the annals of civilized warfare, should not have evoked a stern deter- adversaries above all possible reproach. The traditional fairness of the English,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



THE MOB LOOTING HOUSES IN THE EAST END OCCUPIED BY GERMANS

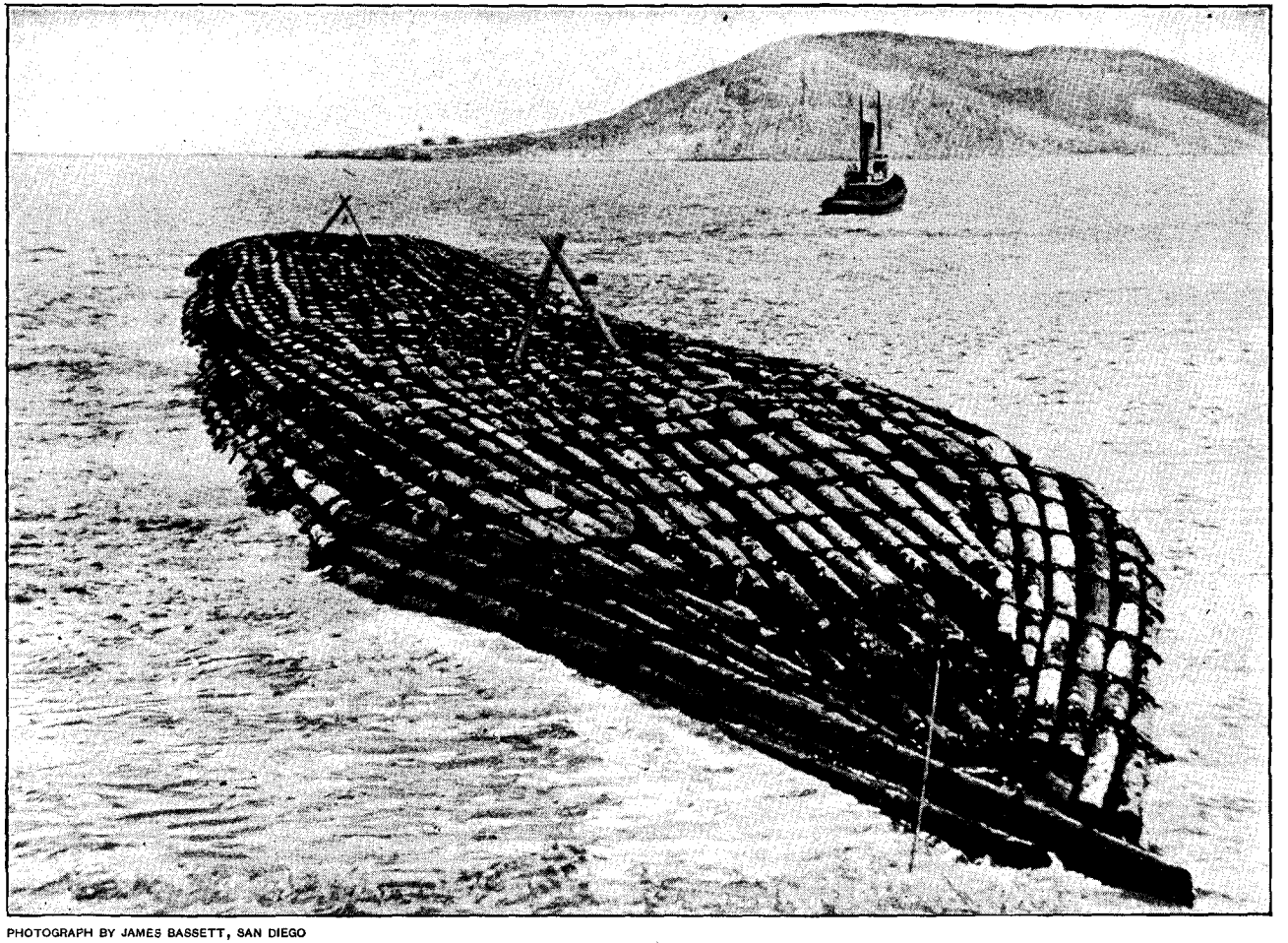
PHOTOGRAPHS BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD

TAKING A GERMAN WOMAN BAKER TO A POLICE STATION FOR PROTECTION AFTER HER SHOP HAD BEEN WRECKED

IN GREAT BRITAIN'S CAPITAL

produced these exhibitions of savagery on the part of some of London's population toward inoffensive Lusitania by German submarines; and it is greatly to be deplored that that atrocity, unparalleled mination on the part of Englishmen of all classes to keep their own conduct toward their however, was not by any means stifled, as is shown in one of these pictures

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



PHOTOGRAPH BY JAMES BASSETT, SAN DIEGO

OCEAN-GOING LOG RAFTS ON THE PACIFIC

These huge rafts are used for transporting timber from Oregon to San Diego, California, a distance of 1,200 miles. The rafts are as big as an ocean liner, their dimensions averaging 700 feet in length, 30 feet in thickness, and 55 feet in breadth amidships. They contain from 4,000,000 to 5,000,000 board feet, which if sent by rail would cost for transportation $10 a thousand, while the cost when sent in these rafts is $1 a thousand. In making the raft a floating cradle is used, into which the logs are floated by a derrick. A huge chain of steel forms the axis of the raft, to which the logs are securely attached by heavy chains placed diagonally and crosswise. These chains weigh 115 tons and cost about $10,000. Twenty million feet of timber, it is estimated, will be transported in these rafts during the coming summer

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

states bluntly that "alcohol is a poison, and as such its sale as a beverage should be prohibited." It sets forth the fact that alcohol "will produce definite changes in the structure and function of the brain and the nerves, similar in character to the changes produced by other poisons." And that "it is a major cause in the production of idiotic and imbecile children."

Perhaps athletes do not understand the technical changes produced by alcohol as the doctors do, but they understand quite as distinctly the effects of strong drink. So one finds them lining up in the new army. Ty Cobb was asked by a friend last summer to join him in "a nip." "No," said Ty; "I don't use it. It dims my batting eye, and you know they pressed me hard last season to keep out ahead."

Hugh Jennings, veteran leader of the Detroit Tigers, wrote this for a sporting page: "There is a mistaken notion in the minds of some people that a manager does not care what his players do off the diamond, so they give a good account of themselves in the game. That is nonsense. A manager can go to bed with the chickens and tell next morning which of his players were out late the night before. The team that has a few 'lushers' on its roster seldom gets a high place in the race."

Here is what a Philadelphia writer said of Connie Mack and his famous "$100,000 infield:" "McInnis is a teetotaler. Collins never touches liquor. Barry is a total abstainer. Baker has become 'Home-Run Baker' without ever taking a drink. Stay—Connie Mack himself, the discoverer and trainer of the '$100,000 infield,' uses no intoxicants whatever. Baseball is more than a game. It is a highly specialized and heavily capitalized business. It demands, above all things, efficiency. And where the wise Mr. Mack wants flawless work, where he must have absolute dependability and keen-witted intelligence, he places his reliance upon men who keep their blood cool and their heads clear.

Were proof needed of the destructive effects of alcohol, to find it one has only to look at the next group that has joined the colors in the war against booze—the inmates of our penitentiaries and prisons. "Out of 236 men admitted last year," says the report of one of our Homes of Industry for Discharged Prisoners, "201 gave liquor as the cause of their downfall."

From the "Umpire," a paper edited and published by the inmates of the Eastern Penitentiary of Pennsylvania, I quote the following: "Why not make an effort to 'burn our bridges' and cut off the principal cause of our being here? Seventy per cent of crime is attributed to liquor. Liquor is the cause of eighty-five per cent of parole violations. Let us add our little weight to the temperance cause, as a selfish precautionary measure if for no higher motive."

Here is an extract from the "Index" of the Washington State Reformatory: "Here is a poser for John Barleycorn: North Dakota is dry; 575,000 population; 175 in the State Penitentiary. Montana is wet; 375,000 population; 900 in the penitentiary. Are not these figures significant?"

The "Better Citizen" of the New Jersey Reformatory prints this editorial: "An exchange says alcohol will remove stains from summer clothes. The exchange is right. Alcohol will also remove the summer clothes, also the spring, autumn, and winter clothes, not only from the one who drinks it, but from wife and family as well. It will also remove the household furniture, the eatables from the pantry, the smiles from the face of the wife, the laugh from the lips of innocent children, and the happiness from the home. As a remover of things alcohol has no equal."

And now for the result of all this. I quote from the Philadelphia "Ledger" of March 2: "One thousand inmates of the Eastern Penitentiary to-day petitioned the Legislature to give favorable consideration to any measure that had as its object the curtailment of the sale of intoxicating liquors. Let me quote briefly from that petition: 'Many of your petitioners have a personal knowledge of its (alcohol's) debasing influence as exemplified in their own lives, and believing that if the sale of intoxicating liquors were prohibited the effect would be to reduce crime at least fifty per cent, if not more, they therefore respectfully pray that you will give favorable consideration' . . . etc."

Who should know better the effect of alcohol than the man whose life has been wrecked by it?

From another Philadelphia newspaper I take this: "The Board of Governors of the Berwick Club has decided to bar all intoxicants after April 1, whether the club retains its present quarters or decides to move." This action was taken after the receipt of a notice from the Court that the continuance of a "sideboard" would result in loss of lease. The

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

club governors seized the opportunity to oust alcohol.

In Philadelphia the Red Men have started a movement to bar rum from their quarters. The movement has behind it more than twenty thousand men. "On Thursday, March 4," to quote from a Philadelphia paper, "Tioga Tribe No. 358 adopted the following flat prohibition as Article II of its constitution: No intoxicating liquor shall at any time be permitted in or around the council chamber. . . . A past great sachem of the order in this State said that the movement to abolish liquor from the quarters of the lodges had spread throughout the State."

Even the farmers have enlisted for the war. Only a few weeks ago the Pennsylvania Grangers passed a resolution to the effect that "we believe any newspaper or periodical which accepts and prints liquor advertisements of any nature is not of the high moral tone necessary for the highest type of citizenship," and that therefore "we do pledge ourselves not to take or allow any papers or periodicals in our homes which carry booze advertisements, and we will use our influence with all Patrons of Husbandry to do the same."

Comment on such resolutions is unnecessary. Inspection of the newspaper and magazine field is more to the point. Recently the Temperance Society of the Methodist Church questioned 2,160 newspapers as to their position on the liquor question. At least 520 papers bar all liquor advertisements. Some admit beer advertisements. Some are about to come out in favor of prohibition; others are waiting for public sentiment to swing more certainly to prohibition before they take their stand. The indications are that there is now, and will be more and more, a swing of the press to the "dry" side. Doubtless there are more "dry" newspapers than the Methodists found, for they circularized less than one-tenth of all the papers in the land. Certainly they omitted from their list of thirty-eight Pennsylvania "dry" papers the Philadelphia "North American," which is perhaps the foremost advocate of prohibition in the country.

Among the magazines sixty-three now reject liquor advertisements, and the number is growing. Mr. Frank A. Arnold, president of the company publishing "Suburban Life," says: "It has been found that magazines which adopt the policy of not printing beer or whisky advertisements receive many times more favorable consideration by the large national advertisers who wish to reach the best homes."

Take it in whatever field you will—the church, the school, the office, the factory—you find everywhere a growing anger against booze, and a growing spirit of co-operation between the man behind the desk and the man behind the machine. They are lining up shoulder to shoulder in the fight against alcohol.

To what end? To the end that men and women may be healthier, more efficient, more prosperous, happier. To the end that we shall no more read such news despatches as these: "W. L. McCracken, of Brookville, a member of the Jefferson County bar, states that of the twenty-six murder cases he has been engaged in trying in Jefferson and neighboring counties, twenty-four were directly caused by liquor; and that during the time he was District Attorney eighty-seven per cent of all cases handled by his office were caused by liquor."

And this: "In an address to five hundred mine workers at Warrior Run last night, P. H. Devers, Assistant Superintendent of the Delaware, Lackawana, and Western Coal Company, declared he could point to many serious accidents that had happened to men after they had stopped in saloons on their way to work."

And this: "Close to one thousand men thronged the recruiting stations in this city [Philadelphia] yesterday, but only twenty-six were accepted for enlistment. Some were victims of maladies . . . and others bearing unmistakable evidence of liquor habits were turned away by scores."

And this: "General Manager J. B. Yohe, of the Pittsburgh and Lake Erie Railroad, in an address to employees on 'safety first,' said: 'The time is not far distant when it will be impossible for any drinking man to find employment with any railroad. The drink habit is responsible for more deaths than war.'"

And this: "Alcoholism is the greatest single cause of crime and insanity, according to a report submitted to-day to Governor Fielder [of New Jersey], by a Commission named last year to study the cause of dependency. . . . The report unreservedly condemned social drinking; and moderate drinking, so called, is blamed for a great majority of epileptic, feeble-minded, and subnormal children in the State."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

And this: "One of Billy Sunday's arguments in his campaign here [Wilkes-Barre] two years ago against the use of liquor has its proof in the annual report of the officials of the county almshouse, which shows that every one of the 424 persons who went over the hills to the poorhouse was addicted to the use of intoxicants. Not one total abstainer in Luzerne County has been committed to the poorhouse during the past year."

And this: "It has been a study with me to mark boys who started on every grade of life with me, to see what has become of them. . . . It is remarkable that every one of those who drank is dead. Barring a few who were taken off by sickness, every one who proved a wreck, and wrecked his family, did it from rum, and from no other cause."—From a statement by Chauncey M. Depew.

And this, in comment on Mr. Depew's statement: "Among the men who admitted that they had taken alcohol occasionally to excess in the past, but whose habits were considered satisfactory when they insured, . . . the extra mortality was 50 per cent, which was equivalent to an average reduction in the lives of those men of four years. With regard to men who took two glasses of beer or a glass of whisky or their equivalent daily, and men who took more than these amounts, the mortality in the second group was fully 50 per cent greater than in the first group."—From the report of Arthur Hunter, Actuary of the New York Life Insurance Company, upon the examination as to the causes of deaths in 2,000,000 cases.

These are the kind of news despatches that our people are tired of reading. The harm described in them is the hurt that is goading our people into war against liquor, that is kindling in breast after breast a deep, slow, consuming anger, that is bringing man after man to the colors. Alcohol has hurt us sore, but it has not destroyed us. We have found it out in time. We have come to know it as the deadly, insidious foe to human life that it is. We are going to smash the rum ring, destroy this enemy of the home, and put alcohol out of business for all time.

A nation does not need to be at war to become devoted to a great ideal. The men of this country are fast consecrating themselves to the ideal of a saloonless nation. It is an inspiring sight to see them coming to the colors. And it is a hopeful sight because this is no longer an officers' war. It is the war of the people. The common folk have made it their own. They are fast joining the ranks. When they are fully mobilized, there will be an end of alcohol.

ENGLISH VIEW-POINTS ON THE WAR

BY ARTHUR BULLARD

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT OF THE OUTLOOK IN EUROPE

THE great war was incomprehensible to me in London. It was not till I got out in the country that it even seemed plausible. Our own times do not seem so utterly divorced from history in the villages and open fields.

Our modern cities have been built on a foundation of peace. And London, except for the odd corners which interest tourists, is a modern city. The telephones, the autobuses, the crowds swarming in and out of the Underground, the enticing display of far-flung commerce in the shop windows, all deny the great tragedy. But every now and then a bugle seems to blow and one remembers. Always the thought of war brought to my mind that picture of ultimate incongruity—"a bull in a china-shop."

In London the two concepts war and civilization are mutually exclusive. The mind cannot hold them both at the same time. It is necessary to ignore one or the other.

On the surface the immensely intricate life of the city goes on as usual. People buy and sell, drink tea, get married, and take their regular exercises just as they did last year. But in a thousand ways, sometimes subtle, sometimes crude, the war forces itself on your attention. The service in the hotel is vile, because, as a great poster in the corridor announces, "No alien enemies are employed in this establishment." No answer comes to your cable home, and days afterwards you find that the Censor stopped it.

Almost all my friends in London are spir-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

itually at sea. The things they were doing last summer—the books they were writing, the laboratory work they were engaged on, the "good causes" they were championing—no longer seem worth while.

And in their "unemployment" these brain workers have lost their former charm of manner and conversation. They are all posing more or less, assuming a flippancy or a somberness which is not real—reaching out for the "heroic attitude" which befits a people at war, and which, in the long years of peace, they have forgot.

The war has driven out of their heads all sense of proportion. One man, for instance, is vastly excited because he thinks that the British army ration contains too high a proportion of carbohydrates. If you allude to the campaign before Warsaw, he says, "Carbohydrates." It does not matter what subject you start, he comes back to his fixed idea. His contention may be right, but he is unable to see what a minute detail it is. He was grievously offended—suspected me of German sympathies—when I said that Cæsar won victories without knowing what a carbohydrate was.

Often as I came away disheartened from such futile discourse I would pass the War Office, and I would tell myself that in that grim building there were men with level heads, trained to comprehend the great reality of war. But I met very few such people. The professional and business men with whom I talked, the newspapermen, shopkeepers, and charwomen, all seemed to be trying to ignore the war or to be thrown quite out of gear by it.

And the war is an intrusive, unescapable fact. You cannot forget it for long. Troops march by. Your eye is caught by a sensational enlistment appeal or by a woman in startlingly new mourning, and there comes a poignant realization. The city, the humanities, civilization, seem to melt into nothingness—"wind along the waste." Rational thought takes flight and you believe in a universe of cynical unreason, of sardonic chance.

But the mind cannot work to any purpose on such a basis. It is necessary to pretend—by force of will—that the war does not exist. It is necessary to lie to yourself or abdicate.

This unsolvable antithesis seemed to me the keynote of London. It was impossible to think straight in the city.

But in some mystic way the sight of the open fields, as the speeding train shook off the suburbs, brought comfort.

My friend Merrit, while by no means a typical Englishman, is the kind whose like you would find nowhere but in England. He has a small income, enough to allow him to follow his hobby. He has written several fat and erudite books on the troubadours and balladmongers of the Middle Ages. I met him first in Russia, where he was studying his subject. He has pushed his researches into almost every country of Europe.

His health is precarious, and some bizarre doctor has persuaded him that the climate of Oxfordshire is good for his lungs, so he has settled down, with a charming wife, in an old, old house, which was once the farm-house of the glebe, in the little village of Pesleton Moor.

He came to the station to meet me, and as we drove the two miles to his home I asked him if the country round about had been much fought over.

"Not since the civil wars. This was King's country then. The royal headquarters were at Oxford."

"And the Wars of the Roses?"

"Most of the fighting then was farther west. The war has taken hold of you too," he added, "like every one from town."

"Yes," I said, "it has. How can one think of anything else?"

"I manage to."

"You've been able to go right on with your work?"

"Yes. Why not? I thought I might be of some use as an interpreter. I offered my services, but the doctor took only one look at me. Why shouldn't I go on with my work?"

He looked at me challengingly. I could find no answer which was polite. His hobby had always seemed to me rather petty. The great tragedy of Europe made it seem utterly futile.

"Look," he said, pointing to a farmer who was planting in a field beside the road. "He goes on with his work. Do you want him to sit down and wring his hands? He had a son in it, too. He's in the hospital at Aldershot now—half his face blown off at Ypres."

The farmer plodding along at his work—his so necessary work—served my friend as text for a little sermon. As we rode through the beautiful countryside of Oxfordshire he gave me, in his quiet voice, which noticeably

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

lacked the strained note of the city, his philosophy of war.

"I walk through the country here every day, after my stint of work, and talk to the people. And always the thought I bring home from my tramp is this: Our farmers are excited over this raid on Scarborough. Their fathers and grandfathers never had such a subject of conversation. Even Napoleon was never able to bring war home to our people like this attack on the east coast. For generation back of generation our farmers here in Oxfordshire have gone about their annual routine of planting and reaping in peace—back to the Civil War. And back of that there was a long—not so long—period of peace to the Wars of the Roses. The farther back you go, the shorter and less secure were the periods of peace.

"Some of my friends in London write in utter discouragement, as though this war disproved all our ideas of progress. They do not feel the sweep of history. In the city one gets so caught up in the rush and whirl of the present. But out here in the open—perhaps because I've studied the Middle Ages a bit—I get a perspective.

"I think of the long centuries of prehistory, when the men with the heavy skulls which we sometimes dig up in the river-beds never dreamed of such a thing as peace. I think of the countless wars of the old time, and how at last Alfred the Great drove out the Danes, made the land one country, and for the first time in history brought peace to England. A short-lived peace, it seems to us; but how it must have surprised the country folk to bring in five harvests in succession without an army marching by and robbing!

"The farmer we passed back there is surprised at war. What better proof could there be of the progress of peace—and the fact that all you humanitarians have been caught unawares, that you have been startled and upset by the war?

"In the old days every one was a soldier. Take literature, for instance. Go back a couple of hundred years, and every man whose name we know took some part in the wars. Why, even Goethe, only a century ago, fought at Valmy. And look at our English litterateurs of to-day. I don't know whether Kipling was ever under fire, but he's the only one of our writers who even pretends to know war at first hand.

"Of course England, being an island, has been more fortunate than the Continent. But none of the western countries have felt war since 1870. The last great war—Napoleon's—was a full century ago. There has been no such hundred years of peace before in recorded history. War is a fiery, devastating comet. But evidently its orbit is a spiral. It gets further and further away. It seems to get more horrible, but that is only because it comes less frequently.

"Look at this old house," he said, as we turned into the time-worn gate of the glebe. "It dates from right after the Civil War. The building which stood here before was more a fortress than a dwelling-house. Three times it was sacked by the Roundheads, and at last razed to the ground. Look at the thick walls and narrow windows. The man who built this house expected to have to defend it. I don't doubt that many people who saw him building shook their heads and said it was not strong enough. But it has never been attacked. That's another measure of progress—the witness of architecture.

"For more centuries than we know how to count men lived in caves for security. Then the time came when they felt safe in houses with walls six feet thick. As civilization developed the walls became thinner and the windows larger. We have not yet reached the stage of glass houses, but we surely will."

In what had been the living-room of the old farm-house—my friend had turned it into a library—we found his wife ready with the tea-things. It was charmingly peaceful, and we did not talk of the war again until the night mail brought the papers after dinner.

"Listen to this, my dear," Merrit said from behind the "St. James's Gazette," "here's another letter from Colonel Batesby:

"*To the Editor:*

"*Sir*—I write to protest against the shocking commercialism of the motto, 'Business as usual,' and the space which the daily press is giving to the so-called economic war. The enemies of the British Empire accuse us of being a nation of shopkeepers. What could give greater foundation to this charge than the action of the Board of Trade in appointing a special committee—a sort of mercantile General Staff—to devise a plan of campaign against German industry?

"That our shopkeepers may benefit by the war, if we win, is probably true. But such a consideration is beneath the dignity of a great empire fighting for its life. I ask you, sir, to look over the latest casualty list. How many of these heroes, officers and men, gave their

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

lives in the hope of capturing German trade? To suggest it is to insult our dead.

"Let us stop this greedy talk about making money out of the war. It is not the German merchants we have to fight, but their army, the best the world has ever seen. Nothing can be more dangerous than to underestimate the strength of our enemy. Chasing the German mercantile marine from the seas will be of small profit to our traders, unless we defeat their army and navy. That is the task of the Empire. This commercial talk is not only beneath contempt, it is positively dangerous.

"In a great war it is necessary to appeal to great motives. 'Business as usual' will not do. There are other elements in this nation beside shopkeepers, and to unite them all we must find a more inclusive rallying cry. I propose, 'The Empire—its preservation and greater glory.' I am, sir. . . ."

"Isn't that typical of him?" Mrs. Merrit said.

"And who is Colonel Batesby?" I asked.

"One of our local celebrities. I'll take you to see him in the morning," Merrit said. "He'll interest you. It's another advantage of country life, that you find the types purer than in town. I suppose there are men like Batesby in London, but they get lost, merged in the crowd.

"He's a retired Indian army man; won his V. C. in the same campaign as Lord Roberts—who, by the way, was his idol. All he lacks is brains. With brains he might have gone far; but, lacking them, he is only a good soldier—a retired colonel.

"As you see by his letter, he is an Imperialist and aristocrat. He comes from the old Oxfordshire gentry. His two sons—before they were killed in South Africa—managed to spend all his money, and he lives very modestly here in the old Manor House. Before the war he spent his time writing letters to the papers in support of Lord Roberts's universal conscription scheme. A narrow-minded fanatic, but the kind of stuff empires are built of. An Anglicized Bernhardi."

"How can you compare him to Bernhardi?" Mrs. Merrit protested. "He's the soul of gentleness."

"I don't doubt," my friend laughed, "that Bernhardi is gentle to his children—in his own village. It is not on record that the Afghans—where Batesby won his V. C.—were treated very tenderly. For the greater glory of the Empire, he would be just as ruthless as a Prussian—only he would not talk about it."

I found that Colonel Batesby was fully as interesting as my friend had promised. Age seemed to have found all of him invulnerable except his hair. It was absolutely white, but his shoulders were unstooped, his eyes still clear. He received us in a room he called his "study." It was small, and the walls were covered with war maps. The bookshelves were full of military histories and treatises on tactics and strategy. We found him, he told us, "working" on the Balkan War. There was a map of the Peninsula spread out on his table. When I told him that I had followed that campaign as a correspondent, his manner softened. He had not been able to find out what had happened to Radko Dimitrieff's cavalry between the battles of Kirk Kilisse and Lule-Burgas.

I would not have said that he lacked brains. Only those he had were extremely specialized. His mind was crammed with military lore. He was, I found, as he became more expansive, planning the campaign of a British expeditionary force for the conquest of the Balkans.

"Few people realize," he said, "what this war means. When it is over, for the first time in history we will have a strong army. Far-sighted men like Roberts have always understood how much we needed one. An empire which stops expanding has begun to decline. We had almost stopped. Thank God, Germany attacked us in time! We've lost a year by our unpreparedness. For six months now we've sat here trembling, depending for protection on our fleet and on the armies of our allies. It will be six months more before we can respect ourselves. It is disgraceful—the British Empire depending for its safety on France! But Kitchener is a man of energy. He will repair the error. And when everybody is exhausted our band will begin to play. After we get two million men on the Continent Germany will not last long. There will be very little fighting there for our new army.

"And then, when Germany is down—well—we'll not repeat Wellington's error and disband our army. If we had had a little energy then, we would have put the Empire on a sound basis. We will this time. We won't make that mistake again. At the end of 1915 all Europe will be exhausted, and we'll have close to two million practically fresh men in the field. A quarter of a million will be enough to consolidate our salient on the Continent. This war has taught us the danger

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of holding only one side of our moat. We must have advance works to guard it."

"Oh, come, come, Colonel!" Merrit protested. "We went into this war to protect the independence of small countries; we can't annex Belgium."

"Certainly we would not have attacked a little nation like that in time of peace. But Belgium does not exist any more. We are going to conquer that territory, not from the Belgians, but from the Germans. The Belgians will be only too glad to come into the Empire; it is their only hope of security. Perhaps it will not be annexation. The word does not mean anything. Very likely we will let them preserve a certain independence, as your country, sir"—this to me—"has preserved the independence of Panama. But it would be utter folly to abandon entirely this foothold which we will have won on the Continent.

"But at most this will take a quarter of a million men. What shall we do with the rest? The Balkans. They need an orderly, just government, and to hold that peninsula is to control not only the Mediterranean but also the Adriatic and the Black Sea. Egypt and the route to India will be safe. . . ."

It was the age-old dream of empire.

"Are there many men like that in England?" I asked Merrit, as we came away.

"No, thank God!" he laughed. "It's a type which is dying out. Perhaps we have as many such imperialists as ever, but other types are growing in power and submerging them. This afternoon I'll take you to see our Liberal baronet—Sir George Plant. His kind are dominant to-day."

"Sir George," Merrit said, as we set out that afternoon to call on the baronet, "made his money on the docks. He's the son of a Nonconformist minister—the eighth son, I believe. He grew up in Bristol. He watched the new steamships tie up to the old-fashioned docks, and caught an idea. All our harbors, which had developed in the sailing days, would have to be transformed to meet the requirements of steam. The idea won him a fortune and a title. He has been a member of Parliament for fifteen years and has never made a speech—what you Americans call a 'lobbyist,' I believe.

"He and Colonel Batesby exemplify the real political conflict in England. In spite of the flood of words on the subject, we have not yet begun to have any democracy—not in the sense that the common people have any real voice in government. At elections we vote on the question of who shall rule us—Colonel Batesby or Sir George. They bid against each other for our votes. The Tories passed the Reform Bills, gave us the franchise to defeat the Whigs; and now the Liberals are using the Labor party against the Conservatives.

"It is interesting to watch the struggle here. If our village had a Member of Parliament of its own, it would surely be Colonel Batesby. The farmers despise Sir George—he's a parvenu. The Batesbys have lived in the Manor from time immemorial. And the countryside worships the old families."

We had in our walk climbed a noticeable rise. Merrit stopped and waved his hand over the view behind us. At the foot of the hill was the village, its brown-thatch roofs visible here and there among the trees. The steeple of the old church alone showed above them. Two miles beyond was the station, with a clump of factories. All along the railway tall chimneys were scattered, sometimes single, sometimes in clumps. They were utterly unlovely.

"It is typical," Merrit commented. "From the Manor House down there in the village you can't see those chimneys. Sir George has built his house up here with the wider view. All we can see from here is his 'constituency.' Colonel Batesby hasn't a chance of being elected."

"Do the factory workers love Sir George?" I asked.

"I don't see why they should, but they vote for him. Perhaps it's just their hostility to the village. It is funny," he went on, as we turned from the road through the grandiose lodge gate into the park of the Great House. "I love the village and hate the ugliness of the factory towns. I love a sailing boat and hate the crude efficiency of steamships. I love the gallantry and romance of the old times and hate the sly ruthlessness of modern commerce. But I vote for Sir George. The two-party system in politics means that—a choice between two evils. But, as long as there is no party I can support whole-heartedly, I prefer to be ruled by the people who know that electricity has been invented."

The Great House—the new Great House—of Sir George Plant might have been situated near any modern city—Paris, Berlin, Chicago. There is a type of architecture

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

which is quite international. The smoking-room where we found Sir George had the luxury—the big leather chairs—of any club. And until he spoke he was as vague as his surroundings. His clothes, the cut of his hair, were cosmopolitan.

Merrit introduced me as an American journalist who had come over to see the war.

"We'll win," Sir George said, amiably, without any special emphasis. "It is a simple business matter. The Germans are obsessed by this idea of militarism, which is quite mediæval and out of date. I've never worried about this war, because I knew that if it came we would win. It is horrible, of course. From a commercial as well as a humanitarian point of view it is an inexcusable waste. But we can stand the waste better than they. When they have had enough of this insanity, they will be completely ruined and we will be only half ruined.

"A lot of people still have the old-fashioned idea that blood is what wins in war. Blood is the least of it. A correspondent of mine in Petrograd writes that some cynic has started a *bon mot* to the effect that England is determined to defeat Germany if it takes the last drop of Russian blood. In order to win, Russia will have to lose a great deal of blood—more than we—because she is not strong enough economically to fight the real war of commerce.

"You've seen this 'Hymn of Hate' against the English? Of course the Germans hate us most. They are not afraid of France or Russia. If it could be just a conflict of armies, the Germans would not be angry—that is the way they wanted to fight. But this economic war is a surprise to them. They are caught in a net which they cannot break, and they cannot strike at the person who holds the net. Victories in Poland will not help them.

"The thing which the Germans did not expect, and which now they know will defeat them, is that we, the nation of shopkeepers, have been able to force Holland and Scandinavia and Italy to stop trading with them. It isn't our army, nor even our navy, so much as it has been our Chambers of Commerce and our bankers. A Swedish merchant wants us to discount a note. Our banker says, 'I won't do business with you so long as you trade with the Germans.' A Dutch farmer wants to sell us some cheese. Our merchants say, 'You can't deal with the Germans and with us at the same time.' They protest that they are neutrals and have a right to trade with everybody. But we have an equal right not to trade if we don't want to. They splutter and fume and think it over. The Swede decides that he needs our money. The Dutchman sells five cheeses to us for every two he sells to Germany. He would like to go on selling all seven cheeses, but when he sees that he can't he decides to sacrifice the two—Germany. And this is going on everywhere in every commercial relation. We are not losing as much blood as our allies, but we are hitting Germany harder.

"They say this is a war of machines. It's true—only it isn't the machines on the front that count, the 16-inch howitzers and rapid-fire guns. The war will be won by the side that has the most machines working at home. The Germans knew that the French did not have enough ammunition for their field guns. Well—see those factory chimneys down there to the right? Before the war they were making plowshares, now they are working twenty-four hours a day turning out 3-inch shrapnel shells. The French will not run out of ammunition. And all our machines which used to be making pruning-hooks are now working three shifts a day on bayonets.

"It is not very glorious," he said, complacently, "but it is what wins."

"And what's to be the result of the war?" I asked.

"For us? Well, we'll be a lot poorer than we were in 1914, but still we'll be the strongest Power in Europe. Stronger than ever in relation to the other countries. It will take time and trouble to get our machinery in order again for the plowshares and pruning-hooks. But a few years after the war I expect great prosperity. All this borrowing will run up the rate of interest, and any one with free capital will make money.

"In Germany? Well," he smiled grimly, "I know one industry which will boom after the war—copper. They'll be very busy making copper fixtures and putting them back on the machines from which they have been stripping them.

"They'll be horribly in debt. Even without an indemnity they'll have hard work finding the money to re-establish their industry so they can pay the interest they owe. They will have lost at least twenty years."

"How about disarmament?"

"Oh, I suppose our Government will want to stop them from building submarines.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

But the more money they sink in battle-ships and soldiers, the better it will be for us who are their commercial rivals—it's such a profitless investment. I hope, at least, that they will keep to universal military service. It is such an appalling tax, not only in money, but in the withdrawal of men from wealth-producing industry. People do not realize what an immense advantage it is to us to be the only country in Europe without it."

"And what will happen to Kitchener's army?"

"We'll have them all back at work six months after peace is signed."

"Colonel Batesby," I said, "thinks this new army is a permanent institution."

"Yes," Merrit added. "And to keep them in practice he wants them to conquer the Balkans."

"Oh, that old fire-eater!" Sir George said in contempt. "Nobody takes him seriously. He is one of the kind who thinks that the way to serve your country is to die for it—boasts of his two sons who got themselves shot in South Africa. Well, I think my son is worth more to his country alive than dead. He's down at Southampton in charge of all the transport service of the army. He won't get a V. C., but our soldiers won't have to go without food, as they did in South Africa.

"Conquer the Balkans! Foolishness! All we want to get out of this war, besides winning and getting a new start on the Germans, is to see the Dardanelles open—free trade. That and the Bagdad railway, a steam route from the Mediterranean to the Persian Gulf. If we get that, we won't want any indemnity, nor any new territory."

"You see," Merrit said as we went away, "Sir George and Colonel Batesby are not fond of each other. That was a good phrase of Sir George's—thinking that the only way to serve your country is to die for it. It is the credo of the aristocracy—the whole duty of man—be ready to die. The Conservatives managed the Boer War, made a frightful mess of it. They were utterly inefficient, but they certainly knew how to die valiantly. They are adding to their reputation for valor in this war. Our old families have been very hard hit. In all the world there is no class more recklessly brave in war than our aristocracy—nor more inefficient. I thank God that the Liberals, business men like Sir George, are managing this war; we've a chance to win."

"There's another thing about this war," Merrit said that evening, "which ought to give courage to you faint-hearted ones. Do you realize that the last great coalition—the Holy Alliance of Metternich—had for its avowed object the suppression of the Revolution, the strangling of democracy and constitutional government? Reaction was the slogan of England and her friends a hundred years ago. And to-day the watchword of our alliance is the rights of man and of nations."

"And Russia?" I interrupted.

"Yes," he said, and he was the first English humanitarian I met who did not try to avoid this issue, "the fact that Russia is on our side is the most hopeful element of the combination. Russia is the most backward country in Europe, the most inefficient, the weakest. Russia is potentially the future. Russia is like the United States a century ago. Infinite resources, undeveloped. God or chance—whatever you want to call it—has arranged by this war that Russia is to be developed under the guidance of the liberal nations.

"Germany wanted to develop Russia. All the time I was there that was my one fear. Suppose the war had not come, suppose German—Prussian—military efficiency had penetrated and peacefully conquered Russia. In the end liberal Europe would have had to fight a new *Dreikaisersbund*—Germany, Austria, and Russia. It would have been a task beside which this war is child's play. God knows, we might not have been strong enough to win. Now one can breathe freely. The immense might of Russia is going to develop in a world where crude militarism is a discredited idea.

"Some of our Liberals regret that our constitutional King is fighting beside the bloody Czar. But whichever one of our diplomats it was who arranged it so that the Czar and the Kaiser are not side by side deserves the infinite gratitude of all Liberals. War as well as politics makes strange bedfellows. But the bare fact that the Czar is not fighting for the reaction—focused now in this Prussian ideal of efficiency and force—makes him a soldier of progress.

"Naturally, we cannot claim to have the pure essence of liberalism on our side. The motives are mixed, certainly. There is an element of beauty in the wrong-headed idealism of the Germans. There is an element of ugliness—territorial expansion, revenge, mean commercial greed—on our side.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

But, weighing all the mixed motives, I'm proud to be an Englishman.

"Out here in the country I try to see past the details to the essentials. And I find a new milestone of progress in the fact that a century ago the great European combination was a crusade against popular rights, and to-day the great alliance is against reaction.

"No one hates war more than I do. But I hate it a little less than earthquakes. They are so utterly irrational, so meaningless, so entirely beyond the control of our ideas. I'm not downhearted. We've had a peace of unprecedented length. And now a war of unusually high ideals."

Paris, March, 1915.

PRISONERS IN GERMANY

BY ERIC FISHER WOOD

*When the war broke out last July, Mr. Wood, the author of this article, who was studying architecture in Paris, became attaché at the American Embassy at Paris under the régime of Mr. Herrick. Last fall he made four different trips to the front, covering the territory between Vitry-le-François and a point near Dunkirk. In December and January, as bearer of special despatches, he went several times to France, England, Switzerland, Holland, Germany, Austria, and Hungary. He here describes what is probably a unique experience. The Germans have, it is understood, not allowed the same person to see both a camp of French prisoners and a camp of British prisoners in Germany. They have, for reasons best known to themselves, seemed to prefer that there should be no opportunity for comparison. By an unusual circumstance Mr. Wood was able to see a camp of each kind, and he here relates briefly the result of his visit and makes comparison between the two. Mr. Wood, as he himself has said, thinks it should be the aim of a neutral to observe with an unbiased mind, no matter what the state of his emotions may be, and he has put down his observations here with that principle in view. A book by him entitled "The Note-Book of an Attaché" is to be published by the Century Company the latter part of this month.—*THE EDITORS.

BERLIN, Saturday, December 5, 1914. I went this morning with Lieutenant Franz Donait, of the United States army, to inspect the prison camp at Zossen, which is about forty kilometers from Berlin, and contains at present twenty thousand French soldiers, guarded by fifteen hundred Landsturm.

The camp was surrounded by three lines of very high and effective barbed-wire fences. In each of the alleys between these fences German sentinels paced back and forth. The prisoners seemed to me to be excellently cared for, and were healthy, well fed, and fairly contented. They were physically better off than they would be in muddy trenches at the front. They have all been given some kind of work to do, such as caring for their own prison camps, carrying wood, cooking, and building sheds for themselves or barracks for the German army. We saw a procession of about two thousand who came in from a near-by forest carrying tremendous bundles of fagots for firewood. As they marched they were singing a ribald French song with much spontaneous gusto. We considered their condition a great credit to their captors.

. . . . . .

Berlin, Tuesday, January 26, 1915. I visited the prison camp at Döberitz to-day. In a military automobile I was conducted there with much ceremony by Captain Freiherr von G——, Iron Cross and Red Eagle, of the Imperial Guard. He is on leave convalescing from a wound in the knee which he received at Ypres. I was expressly told that I might describe what I saw and repeat what I heard as many times and as much in detail as I chose; so that I have no hesitancy in giving you my impressions without reserve, even though it was by courtesy of the German Government that I made the trip.

The camp was distant one hour's fast run from Berlin, and was situated on a flat plain which had very little natural or artificial drain-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

age. The cold mud was everywhere from three to four inches deep. On this plain and closely surrounded by heavy barbed-wire entanglements were some seventy or eighty rude wooden sheds arranged in four rows with an avenue down the center. Here are kept some nine thousand prisoners of war, of whom four thousand are British and four thousand Russian. By careful and repeated pacing I estimated that the sheds were about one hundred by thirty feet. Each one had six unopenable windows on a side. In each such house were quartered one hundred and twenty-five men. Each house was heated by one stove, and was very hot and stuffy, being hermetically sealed except for the door.

None of the British prisoners had overcoats, personal belongings, or blankets. They slept on straw ticks measuring approximately seven feet by thirty inches. That they all suffered from lice and other vermin was perfectly evident. The whole camp was closely surrounded by barbed wire, and the main avenue was commanded by three field guns placed outside at one end in a little barbed-wire fort. The whole was apparently under the charge of a captain of Landsturm, and the guards were men of the Landsturm. The prisoners looked thin, peaked, unhappy, sickly, and many had boils. They have absolutely nothing to do—they exist. They are fed three times a day—6 A.M., 12 noon, and 4 P.M. For "lunch" and "dinner" and also Sunday breakfast they receive about one pint of a thick soup. I tasted some of this, and thought it was concocted chiefly of barley and potatoes. I was told that there was meat in it, but could find no evidence of any. For breakfast the prisoners receive black bread with a slice of either cheese or sausage, and either tea or coffee. The diet is evidently insufficient. I should say that it was calculated with German accuracy to just keep body and soul together. I was taken through many of the houses, and, although no actual prohibition to talk was given, it was practically impossible to speak with the prisoners, as I was always hurriedly rushed along from one place to another. In order to make a pretense of conversation one of the two captains who escorted me would sometimes say to a prisoner, "What nationality are you?" "Scotch, sir." "What regiment?" "Argyle Highlanders, sir." "Ah, so!" and we would then hurry along again. We were in the camp an hour and a half, and during that time I succeeded in asking three short, well-chosen questions of intelligent-looking British non-commissioned officers who looked as though they had the courage to brave German ire:

First question. "Do you get enough to eat?"
Answer. "My Gawd, no!"
Second question. "How do present conditions compare with the past?"
Answer. "Wonderfully improved, sir, in comparison."
Third Question. "How often do you write home?"
Answer. "One letter every two months, but they *say* they are going to improve that."

I saw the four o'clock feeding. It reminded me of nothing except seeing animals fed at the "Zoo." In the kitchen I saw the British soldiers receive their afternoon meal. A line of five great caldrons of hot soup extended down the room, each one being about four feet high and four feet in diameter. The prisoners entered through a vestibule at one end of the building, where they passed between two German sentinels, to whom each delivered up a metal check before being allowed to pass inside. There is a roll-call in the sheds before every meal, and each man is then handed a check, which later entitles him to receive his ration. Each prisoner possesses and keeps constantly with him one iron bowl and one large spoon. When they are permitted to enter the kitchen, the prisoners rush to whatever caldron is least busy. There a cook, armed with a long-handled measure holding about one pint, ladles out one measureful of soup into each man's bowl, and this constitutes the entire repast. The captain of Landsturm, in explaining to me about the metal checks, said, indignantly, "Why, if we did not have this system of checks they would all come back three and four times!"—by which remark he showed the typical German lack of anything approaching tact or diplomacy.

There were some British sailors and numerous marines among the prisoners. These, according to the Germans, came from Antwerp. They had reached that city just as the Germans entered, and had been captured without ever having left their train. They were sent on in the same train to German prisons, and their total war experience consisted in one continued non-change journey from Ostend to the Döberitz prison camp. The Germans said that there was at times ill feeling between English and Russians.

The method of punishment in the camp was called "tying up" for one or two hours.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I was unable to get details, but gathered that this consisted in suspension by some part of the hands. This, however, may have been a wrong conclusion. I was told that the men receive letters from home, about fifty a day, and are also allowed to receive money. Yesterday was a record day, a big mail arriving with some seven thousand marks. They may spend the money at the camp store, which I examined; tobacco, sausages, and insecticide seemed to be the chief articles in stock.

A bath-house has recently been provided in which it was possible to take cold showers. The English shave with potato knives borrowed from the kitchen. The men wash in the open, apparently in the same bowls from which they eat. Water is very sparingly served out to them.

The two German officers who acted as my guides repeatedly impressed upon me that the camp was a model one and that everything was done for the prisoners which they had a right to expect. It seemed to me very much less desirable than the prison camp for French soldiers which I had inspected at Zossen nearly eight weeks ago. Some specific things which the French prisoners possessed and the British lacked were overcoats, blankets, bunks, work, recreation, abundant food, and the opportunity for exercise.

It should be remembered, in extenuation of German prison camps in general—if extenuation is deemed necessary—that besides interned civilians Germany has now nearly seven hundred thousand prisoners of war to house and feed.

THE NEW BOOKS

Rise of the Dutch Kingdom (The). By Hendrik Willem van Loon. Doubleday, Page & Co., Garden City. $2.50.

If any modern historical writer has a galloping style, Heer Hendrik Willem van Loon is the man. He has already instructed us concerning an earlier period of Dutch history—that of the Dutch Republic—and now he tells us about the rise of the present Kingdom; that is to say, he considers the epoch between the years 1797 and 1813—the Napoleonic epoch. To make the story more graphic, in the preface we have an account of the various *dramatis personæ*, and some of it deserves quotation:

Pieter Paulus: The sort of man who twenty years before might have saved the Republic if only the Stadholder had known how to avail himself of such a simple citizen possessed of so much common sense.

France, or rather the French Revolution, regards the Republic in the same way in which a poor man looks upon a rich man with a beefsteak. Being possessed of a strong club, it hits the rich man on the head, grabs his steak, his clothes, everything he possesses, and then makes him turn about and fight his former friends.

Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity: Trade-mark patented by the French Republic between the years 1790 and 1809. The goods covered by this trade-mark soon greatly deteriorate and finally cover a rank imitation of the original article.

Napoleon Bonaparte: Chief salesman of the above article for the territory abroad. Further references unnecessary. Gets a controlling hold of the firm in which at first he was a subordinate. Removes the article which made him successful from the market and introduces a new brand, covered merely with a big N. Firm fails in 1815. The involuntary customers pay the deficit.

England: Chief enemy of above. In self-defense against the Franco-Dutch combination, it takes all of the Republic's outlying territories.

Louis Napoleon: Second brother of Napoleon Bonaparte. Only gentleman of the family. Made King of Holland in anticipation of a complete French annexation. Makes an honest but useless attempt to prevent this annexation. Wife (Napoleon's stepdaughter) no good. Son, Napoleon III, Emperor of the French.

This jerky, whimsical, epigrammatic, newspaperish style gradually gives place in the actual text to a more dignified but always compact and vivacious statement. In all the author's expressions of opinion there is a remarkable independence of conviction. He does not hesitate to condemn his country's indifference, vacillation, and even cowardice during the early Napoleonic days. What a change from the sturdiness and valiant deeds of two centuries before! Nor does he hesitate to attack the great historian of Holland. He calls Motley prejudiced and partial. The present volume chronicles the change from the old form of monarchy to the modern, in which the monarch is but the hereditary president of a constitutional republic. With a very favorable geographical position and with the traditional Dutch thrift and enterprise, Holland's present place among the nations is a proud one. It is, as this author claims, a civic body managing its own household affairs without interference from abroad and without disastrous partisanship at home. Not only in Holland, but in her great colonies, one finds an upholding of the old traditions of Dutch efficiency, energy, and tenacity of purpose. The present volume is a decided help to our comprehension of how the Dutch Kingdom of to-day arose. As a book of reference, however, its value is sadly impaired by the lack of an index.

Italy's Foreign and Colonial Policy. By Senator Tommaso Tittoni. Translated by Baron Bernardo Quaranta di San Severino. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $2.50.

Italy has been prolific in great statesmen. During recent years her fortunes have been

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

guided, first of all, by a Cavour, than whom Europe has produced no greater statesman. Of course Cavour stands in a rank quite by himself. But in the second rank there are those who deserve and will receive abundant recognition by any writer of recent history. One has but to think of Italy under the guidance of such Premiers as Crispi and Giolitti to realize this. In especial, however, the Italian Foreign Ministers deserve notice. For the foreign policy of no country has been more interesting than that of Italy during the past generation. Baron Sonnino, the present Foreign Minister, for instance, has repeatedly been Premier, and is now guiding the fortunes of Italy in perhaps her most critical moment. Immense confidence is placed in him by all classes, because from his mixed English and Italian parentage he combines the "cool head" of England with the warm heart of Italy. Much of the confidence felt in Baron Sonnino was also felt in Signor Tittoni during his period of distinguished service as Foreign Minister. Senator Tittoni's influence on Italy's foreign policy has not been limited by his particular service at the Foreign Office. As a diplomat occupying distinguished positions abroad he has also rendered great service to his country. It is fortunate, therefore, for all who would gain a more intimate knowledge of Italian foreign policy and also of recent colonial policy to have at hand the volume, just published and translated by Baron Bernardo Quaranta di San Severino, of Signor Tittoni's speeches delivered in the Italian Parliament, 1903–9. It is a valuable book of reference on Italy's foreign and colonial policy during those years and since, and is of special interest just now for Italo-Austrian relations. The particular foreign policy in question has to do with the Balkans.

Deliverance. By Henry Osborn Taylor, Litt.D. The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.25.

Though we boast, like the Homeric poets, of towering above our fathers, it is only because we stand on their shoulders to reach higher. Their efforts for better adjustment of life to its environment have a long record of new discoveries bringing new deliverances from bondage to material limitations. Long, also, is the record of our spiritual fathers' struggles for better adjustment to unseen reality, and deliverance thereby from bondage to doubts, fears, and distress of soul into the peace of spiritual freedom of action. The story of their ceaseless struggle for this, and its advances toward the ever-flying goal of spiritual self-adjustment with the eternal, is the theme of this volume.

Mr. Taylor's volumes on "Ancient Ideals" have already taken up this theme. Here he develops it more fully, bringing forward its illustrious representatives to set it forth in their own words, accompanied with his comments. The great teachers of ancient China, India, Persia, the prophets of Israel, the poets and philosophers of Greece, Jesus, Paul, and Augustine, exhibit the long endeavor as satisfied in the Christian fulfillment of humanity's quest in the love of God. What Mr. Taylor has experienced he would have his readers experience—a sense of spiritual kinship with many noble souls who long ago passed away. This is a choice book for meditative hours, and helpful to the endeavor for gain in spiritual insight that accompanies growth in spiritual life.

Quest for Wonder, and Other Philosophical and Theological Studies (The). By Lynn Harold Hough. The Methodist Book Concern, New York. $1.

The enigmatic part of this title is explained as "the desire for a world full of initiative and surprise." Opposed to this is "the desire for a close, coherent, and unified view of life." These opposites, which appeared in ancient Greece, coexist in modern thought. Their reconciliation is found in Christianity, "a religion which unites stability and ethical wonder in the interpretation of life." Thus we are introduced to a series of essays giving the results of Professor Hough's study of the fundamental problems confronting the Christian thinker.

The goal of his discussion is the "New Orthodoxy"—a combination of "the modern conception of the Bible and religious certainty with the central theological postulates of the Old Orthodoxy." These are presented and centralized in the doctrine of atonement. Examining at length Dr. Bushnell's view of Christ's vicarious sacrifice as effective through its redemptive influence upon sinners, and Dr. R. W. Dale's conception of it as satisfying the eternal law of righteousness, he prefers Professor Olin A. Curtis's solution, viz., Christ satisfied the holiness of God by the bodily death in which he "bore the historic penalty for sin." Professor Hough, harking back to the Genesis legend, gravely affirms that "the Christian view regards physical death in the human race as an abnormal event caused by sin." Wonderful, indeed, is this conclusion of the "quest for wonder."

Encyclopædia of Religion and Ethics. Edited by James Hastings. Vol. VII (Hymns—Liberty). Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $7.

The worth of this massive compilation of present knowledge is again conspicuous in this its latest volume, especially in certain elaborate articles. Fifty-seven pages are given to Hymns, ancient and modern, of many races, nations, and religions. An article on Jesus Christ occupying forty-seven pages reaches a distinctively modern forecast in its anticipation that biology and psychology "will yet exert powerful influence on Christology, as well as on other sides of theology." Law—natural, primitive, racial, religious—takes up eighty-four pages with its manifold details. A comparatively brief article on the Inquisition by a Roman Catholic contributor is noteworthy for fair impartiality. The inclusion of such subjects as hypnotism,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

insanity, and kissing suggests how wide is the range of interests related to religion and ethics. As a work for reference this has no compeer in its special field.

Sketches by Samuel Prout in France, Belgium, Germany, Italy, and Switzerland. Edited by Charles Holme. Text by Ernest G. Halton. The John Lane Company, New York. $3.

The name of Samuel Prout, the British artist, who died in 1852, is not well known. It will become better known if any one will take the trouble to read Mr. Halton's appreciation of Prout's life and art. Prout holds a practically unique position as a painter of picturesque architecture. One has but to know the view in Ghent which forms the frontispiece to the volume to be convinced of this. Other towns—Mechlin, Rouen, Calais, Fécamp, Mayence, Strassburg, Regensburg, Nuremberg, Schaffhausen, Venice, Rome—tempted Prout far afield, and his Continental scenes are in general more effective than anything he had done in Cornwall and Devonshire, where his artistic mind was first formed, the Belgian, French, and German pictures, however, being ahead of the Italian. The present volume is well in place at this time, for Prout's drawings afford us a historical as well as an artistic value. They are faithful records of old buildings. We turn especially to those which have to do with Belgium with mingled feelings: indignation at the terrible fate which has recently befallen some of the monuments of architecture in that country, and thankfulness for this record of their beauty.

Study of Modern Painting (The). By Margaret Steele Anderson. The Century Company, New York. $2.

This latest account of the history of modern painting is well worth attention. The author maintains, first, that the particular achievement of latter-day painting in general is its solution of the problems of light; secondly, that the aim of the past two decades in particular has been towards decorative painting; and, thirdly, that there is a notable tendency towards synthesis—that is to say, a gathering up of essentials and fundamentals even at the expense of details. In the development of these themes the historian and critic considers the improvement of painting in various countries. Her distinctions among nations and among individuals are extremely interesting, significant, and suggestive. In her description of France we would call special attention to what she has to say concerning Manet and Monet; of Germany, concerning Liebermann and Lenbach; of England, concerning the Pre-Raphaelites and Watts; of America, concerning the five men whom she well calls "monumental"—Inness, Wyant, Tryon, Martin, and Homer; of Spain, concerning Sorolla and Zuloaga; of Italy, concerning Segantini; of Holland, concerning the Marises and Israels; of Scandinavia, concerning Zorn, Thaulow, and Nielson. In these various national divisions we naturally turn first to that which describes American painting. Most observers, we believe, will not agree to the author's rather arbitrary divisions of that domain. She divides American work into five distinct vehicles, the first being landscape painting; the second, figure painting, including portrait work; the third, mural decoration; the fourth, the painting of interiors; and the fifth, what she calls "the idyllic world of dream." As to the present, this critic points to the decorative as the most striking American quality; indeed, it has become almost an obsession, and under its influence some Americans "have departed from the great things of the spirit." Be this as it may, we must believe, with the author, that the American genius for the spiritual will in general assert itself ere long—if it has not already.

Human German (The). By Edward Edgeworth. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $3.

In these days of what so many consider the very inhuman German it is well to be reminded of "The Human German," who still persists at home, and such is the apt title of a volume which gives a graphic survey, considering in turn The Human Tenant, The Human Bureaucrat, The Human Maid-Servant, The Human Inside, The Human Parcel, The Human Infant, The Human World-Cry, The Human Holiday, The Human Lawmaker, The Human Lawbreaker, The Human Puritan, The Human State, The Human Professor, The Human Warrior, The Human Tradesman, The Human Woman, The Human Artist, The Human Kaiser. Many people in taking up this book will turn to the last of these chapters and read it first, expecting to find it perhaps fuller of timely interest than are the others. It is not; the others are as racy, vivacious, and flippant as it is. At the same time one or two passages from it deserve quotation:

> The wise Emperor had his Jubilee in 1912; and experts and Dr. Gamradt measured him and his reign. They were pleased with his size, but not with the size of his reign. They found him the bigger. His reign brought no European extensions. . . . The reign has brought no colonies worth plundering; and it has brought Socialists and New Art. . . . The reign is not liked. But the Emperor is. When Herr Gamradt surveys our Europe's sad sovereigns, he says it is good to have a human Kaiser. His Kaiser is man and human. These things, says Gamradt, are rare; dull Franz Josef is man and not human; puny Victor Emmanuel is human and not man; and so on. It is a boon to have a sovereign who is brave, active, contentious, aspiring, universal.

Moreover, William the Second, whom the author persists in calling Wilhelm the Second, is a foil to Germanism. Germany's plague is "dull, full men," we are told. But the Kaiser "is neither dull nor full; he is bright and shallowly all-knowing." Furthermore, "Germans are deeply ignorant in their knowledge;" but the Emperor "is catholically, comprehensively, œcumenically learned in his ignorance.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

. . . A land where dullards undisturbed wax fat in knowledge is foredoomed by fate."

American Thought. By Woodbridge Riley, Ph.D. Henry Holt & Co., New York. $1.50.

This is a much-needed work, a critical survey of what a people better known for their achievements in the realm of things have achieved in the domain of philosophic thought. For this task Professor Riley is doubly well qualified, both as a philosopher and as having what most philosophers lack—the juicy style that imparts an attractive charm to a subject shunned by many as rather dry.

An underlying idealism has often been remarked as an American characteristic. On the background of New England Puritanism it rose early in the idealism of Samuel Johnson and the mysticism of Jonathan Edwards, Yalensians both. But New England, now for two generations a nursery of liberal thinkers, remained for two centuries narrowly conservative, despite "the hundred years' war for free thinking," while a materialistic liberalism was fostered southward in Pennsylvania and Virginia. During the last century these conditions have been curiously reversed by the realistic metaphysics and "air-tight system" of Princeton, "the freest college of the country in its beginning."

In New England a new note was brought into philosophy by "the interpreter of nature," Emerson, an "ideal realist," whose "transcendentalism summed up in itself the marks of all three centuries—the faith of the seventeenth, the reason of the eighteenth, the feeling of the nineteenth." Professor Riley characterizes him as a modernizer more than a Platonizer, and a product of native thought—Puritan, Quaker, Unitarian. The Puritan persecution of Quakers, which Professor Riley attributes to hatred of mysticism, Palfrey, a Unitarian liberal, in his classic "History of New England," more justly charges to anarchistic conduct, which now would be treated in a lunatic asylum.

Professor Riley critically reviews at length the English, French, and Scottish influences discernible in this history. Direct German influence first appears in the rise of the St. Louis school of idealists, with the late Dr. W. T. Harris as the leading interpreter of American thought. Royce, of Harvard, follows, "the Ulysses of an idealistic epic;" and Ladd, of Yale, finding firmer ground in personalism, whose metaphysic is well based in the new biology, reaches the climax of idealism—"the most persistent form" of American philosophizing.

But a new stadium is now run on a divergent line—the pragmatism of "the Western Goth." Reviewing its chief expositors, Charles Peirce, John Dewey, William James, and their foreign critics, Professor Riley regards it as "only a transitional era in thought," and closes his record of American thought with notes on the new realism of the last decade, its valuable qualities and corresponding difficulties.

Among the more noteworthy names here starred are a few prematurely obscured by the mists of time—in the eighteenth century, Dr. Benjamin Rush, of Philadelphia, "the father of psychiatry in America;" in the last century, Joseph Cook, whose Boston Monday lectures first brought out the theory of creative evolution, now developed by Henri Bergson; and Charles Peirce, of Cambridge, the originator of pragmatism.

Professor Riley's work should stand henceforth on every bookshelf of Americana. He has made the Nation his debtor by a record that gives prominence to a noble feature of our National history and character.

George the Third and Charles Fox: The Concluding Part of the American Revolution. By the Right Hon. Sir George Otto Trevelyan, Bart., O.M. Vol. II. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. $2.25.

The special feature of Trevelyan's "History of the American Revolution" is that, with the greatest sympathy for the Americans, he treats the Revolution from the standpoint of an English Liberal, as a part of the fight between Liberalism and irresponsible government in England. For that reason both Chatham and Charles James Fox are great figures in the story. And he shows very interestingly that the Revolutionary War, so far as it was conducted on large military principles, ended in 1778 or 1779, and that after that the English people lost all interest in it, and it survived simply because the King would not give up. The entire work is important to any student of American history, essential to any complete American library, and interesting to any one interested in historical narrative.

Hermaia: A Study in Comparative Esthetics. By Colin McAlpin. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $3.50.

This book should appeal to the student who has time enough to read it slowly and carefully. It is not necessary for the reader to peruse the entire volume in order to get what to him may be of particular value. Let us suppose that he is interested in landscape painting—he will find one of the forty-nine chapters devoted to that subject. Let us suppose that he is interested in "Music as the Expression of Mysticism"—he will find one chapter devoted to it. In general, Mr. McAlpin's book should mean inspiration to many a seeker after truth.

Alone in the Sleeping-Sickness Country. By Felix Oswald. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $3.

"The Sleeping-Sickness Country" is the country in the neighborhood of the Victoria Nyanza. Mr. Oswald gives us a very graphic description of that region. The volume describes direct personal experiences, and the author speaks with a quiet tone of authority.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BY THE WAY

April, for some reason not entirely clear, is a month in which railway accidents are at their lowest ebb, according to the "Railway Age Gazette." And April of this year holds an especially enviable record. "This is the first time in forty-three years," says the "Gazette," "that this paper has not printed a monthly train-accident record including at least half a dozen items of considerable importance." Its list this year for April has but two such items.

Tailors and their customers will read with interest a description in "Popular Mechanics" of an aluminum framework which, on being fastened over a bolt of cloth, shows the effect of a finished suit of clothes. The wire frame carries outlines of the arms, lapels, collar, etc., and molds the cloth to the proper shape without injuring it in the least. The frame may readily be detached and tried on another piece of cloth until the customer's fancy is suited.

Mr. Darwin P. Kingsley, President of the New York Life Insurance Company and also of the Safety First Federation of America, in accepting the presidency of the latter body said: "The old way of crossing a street will no longer do; it is dangerous. A dog no longer runs against or under an automobile as he did when they first appeared. He has changed his whole attitude toward street traffic. The average man has not changed. . . . On the other hand, the traffic as against the pedestrian has grown aggressive and careless." The Federation was organized a few weeks ago by a convention attended by delegates from fourteen States.

Suburbanites who live at some distance from the station and are not yet equipped with a motor car will quote with satisfaction Mr. Andrew Lang's directions about reaching his house. "Go up Cromwell Road," he said, "till you drop, and then turn to the right."

"I suppose that I shall be accused of sentimentality," says Professor Henry S. Canby in describing "The Last Stand of the Redwoods" in "Harper's Magazine," "but yet I confess that after weeks in the most beautiful forest in the world the sight of that torn hillside was as painful as human misery." The scene was near Hume, California, a new lumbering camp. The forests that are being destroyed Professor Canby characterizes as "the most beautiful and the most remarkable production of nature which America has to offer."

Awnings, says a writer in "House and Garden," can, particularly in country houses, be made to have a distinct decorative value as well as to serve a practical use. "The tendency of the past few years," it is stated, "has been to introduce ornate awnings—plain materials with skirts embroidered in intricate designs, stenciled and appliquéd patterns applied in contrasting colors." These awnings are recommended only for houses of individual design and when the problem of decoration has been carefully studied.

The city of Yorkville, South Carolina, not long ago paid a striking tribute to a faithful Negro worker. His name was Hannibal Beatty, he was born a slave, and for over forty years he had been sexton of a prominent church for white people and had also been janitor of the court-house. He was buried from the church he had so long served, and prominent lawyers, city and county officials, and officers of the church acted as his pall-bearers, while the Yorkville "Enquirer" published a eulogistic editorial in his honor.

American humor manifests itself in innumerable ways, not the least original one being a recent competition in Bloomfield, New Jersey, as to the honor of being "the homeliest man." Several citizens entered the contest; the leader in the voting declared that he was ready to disfigure himself if it would aid him to win the prize. It will be remembered that President Lincoln told a story to the effect that one of his neighbors was so homely that he decided that it was his duty to shoot any one he met who was homelier than himself. On seeing the President he informed him of his resolve and said that, as a homelier man, Lincoln must die. "All right," said Mr. Lincoln, looking at his rival, "if I am homelier than you, then shoot!"

Moving pictures, lantern slide exhibits, and two hundred special lecturers were employed in New York City's "dental hygiene week" recently to give the 700,000 public school children of the city information about preserving their teeth.

The "Writer" credits a contributor to the February "Atlantic Monthly" with this bull—"I screamed in silent rage;" a story writer in "Munsey's" with this—"Davidson stood wiping his wet neck on the piazza;" and one of the other magazines with this—"What, therefore, was our surprise to find Tish sitting by the fire in her bathrobe and slippers, with a cup of tea in her lap, and her feet in a tub of water."

From the foundation of the Russian Empire at Moscow, about 1500, says Dr. Nansen in his recent book entitled "Through Siberia, the Land of the Future," Russia has grown at the average rate of 55 square miles a day, or 20,000 square miles a year—a territorial increase that is almost without parallel.

During the first three centuries of Russian control of Siberia, Dr. Nansen observes, only three million emigrants went to Siberia from Russia; but the great Empire has at last awakened to a knowledge of the riches of its immense Asiatic possessions, and from 1905 to 1914 as many immigrants settled in Siberia as during the entire three hundred years preceding.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED